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The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT. January 30, 1929. Volume 151, Number 5. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by The Outlook Company.

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Looking Forward

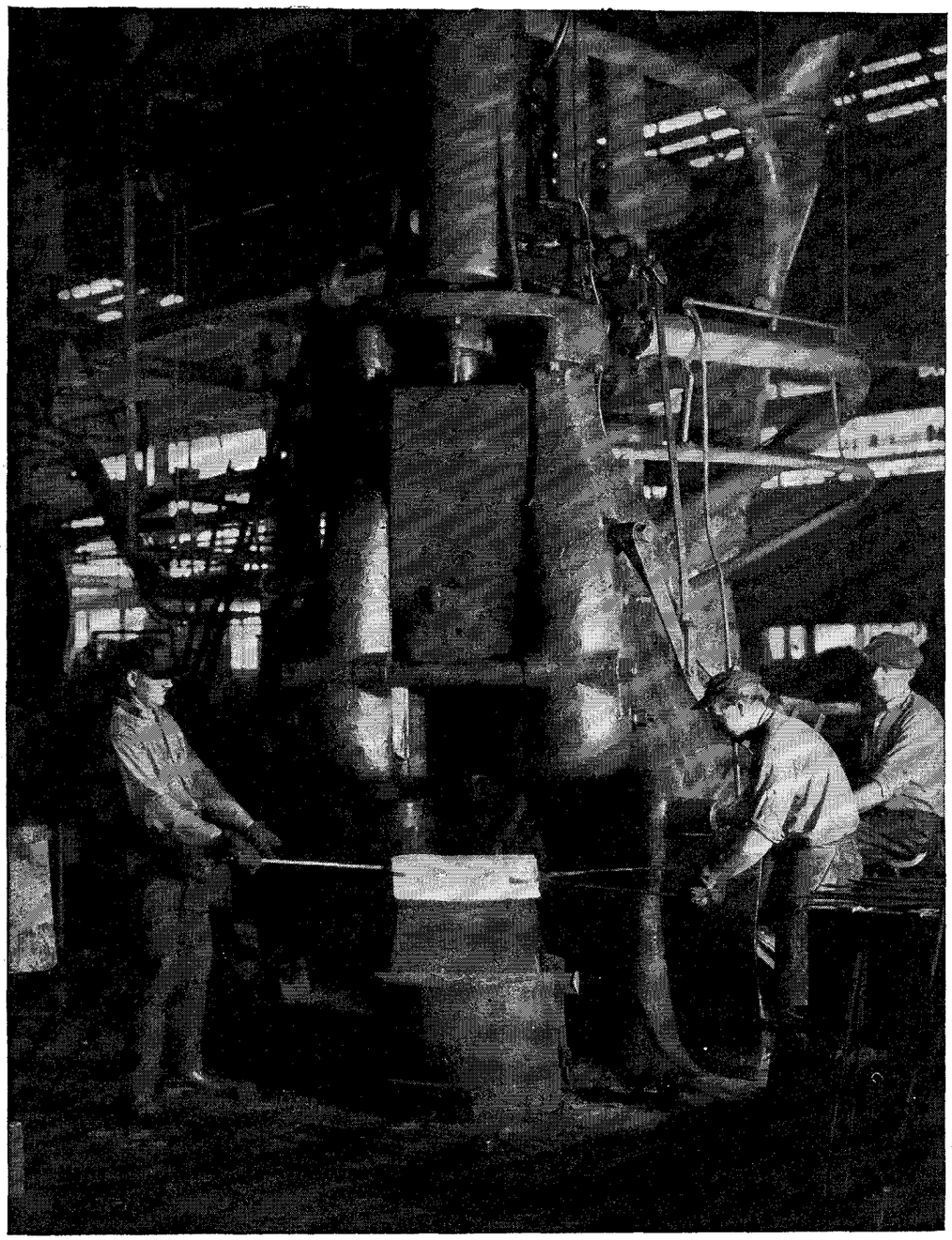
BEGINNING NEXT WEEK—and running thereafter every other week, for some months—the Outlook and Independent will present a series of original articles which have long been in preparation.

THESE ARTICLES are by no one man or woman. A poet who was once a Friend and then an Athiest wrote one. A diplomat who was first a soldier wrote another. A woman novelist who was once an actress wrote a third. The rest are by people of precisely as varied experiences, each writing from his own standpoint, and setting forth his own ideas. A Quaker newspaperman, an ex-Catholic woman journalist, an individualist who began life teaching in a Baptist Sunday School, an ex-orthodox Jew—each of these people has contributed to this unusually interesting series, every article in which is devoted to one subject: Religion. What do you believe? What did you use to believe?

ALTHOUGH in every instance the writers are known to us, their articles will be published anonymously. For each one of this group of people has tried sincerely to tell the truth about his religious life—the Church of his childhood, his family's faith or lack of it, the course his own beliefs have run and his present convictions and situation. Only by remaining anonymous could each one give the facts of his experiences and yet not wound friends or family.

AS VIVID, HUMAN PICTURES of the religious instinct of man—inside and outside established churches—these articles are sometimes moving, always intelligent and unquestionably sincere. The light they shed, in passing, on our churches and present-day society should provoke much soul-searching in all of us.

Francis Rufus Bellamy



WHITE HOT

A Photograph by Charles Sheeler

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Outlook
and Independent
January 30, 1929

Chicago: A Modernistic Portrait

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Matthew Josephson whose biography of "Zola" has been an outstanding book of the season spent a week in Chicago gathering impressions. The resulting article demonstrates that he gathered many, some of them less than pleasant. His point of view is hardly that of the reporter attempting to evolve a portrait from facts. Instead he has followed the example of the German motion-picture directors who, as they say in Hollywood, "put the camera in a tree." Mr. Josephson sees in angles, corners and close-ups. His portrait of Chicago is that of an intelligent stranger a trifle bewildered by it all

THIS CITY had always been legendary and heroic for me. Her teeming, polyglot millions, her strategic site at the core of America, her strong men, her mighty and symptomatic movements; and finally her grandiose skyline at the water's edge give pause for reflection and even alarm.

And of late years, lusty and picturesque Chicago had given us a lesson in revolt against the monotony of our business and social routine in this Machine Age. A great legion of romantic individuals had arisen to effect a kind of insurrection against our old-fashioned ways, and virtually possessed itself of the keys to the citadel, while the masses freely applauded or idolized those who "give us our daily beer." And in another equally important field, the civil authorities of Chicago had made striking contributions to civilization. Without the slightest pedantry, and under the plain, downright urgings of the Mayor, they had achieved new theories of knowledge, historiography and the social sciences which the whole world witnessed with stupefied astonishment.

I have always felt reverence for the growth of legend and myth, whether antique or new; and it was with feelings of veritable regret that I learned, upon my arrival in Chicago, of the recent outburst of "reformers" and purifiers who had swooped down upon the city and now sought to impose their will upon that of the people. Thanks to demagogic appeals they had won the elections and now proposed to set a period to the significant social developments I have just cited.

MY EARNEST HOPE is always to arrive at "calling things by their right names." The great evil from which this country has suffered is the confusion of terms. It has prevented other civilizations (abroad) from understanding; it has blinded us to our own strength and limitations. And the "debunkers" have merely added to the Babel-like confusion; paralyzed us with despair as they spread their negative exaggerations over the equally exaggerated pictures of their predecessors.

Like all human concentration camps Chicago is composed of two kinds of people; the conscious, or articulate type who can give you a plausible version of what is going on, and the great inarticulate and unconscious mass. I spoke to the first, the *key people*, drawn from all the walks of life, leaders of capital or of labor, members of the professions, artists in murder; all those who composed according to Emerson, the Representative Men, or Women. The other class, vaster and more laconic, I sought to observe, to speculate upon and, within the brief time of my visit, managed even to gather some of their terse, illuminating comments which, alas, cannot be reproduced in print.

An extraordinary, crowded and magnificent week, which I shall never regret. Chicagoans are amazingly hospitable, and if they proved on certain few occasions intolerant of my ways, menaced me with guns or sought to shatter my front teeth in manly combat, I refused to be shocked or surprised.

The exterior of my legendary city imposed itself upon me. Grandiose and turbulent, the colossal banks and tiers of skyscrapers in the Loop district lifted their bulks toward a leaden, smoky sky that hung above like the dirty canvas top of a vast circus tent. I could perceive stupendous contrasts throughout this city which bordered a great inland sea for twenty-five miles. Now they would appear to be the accidents of a too rapid growth, which had more than doubled the population in two or three decades. Now they suggested the notes of a soul divided against itself, which I tried to catch and remember.

WITH A HUGE EFFORT the city was straining to rebuild, to revise itself, following the design of Burnham and Bennet's great "Chicago Plan." Broad boulevards were projected fanwise from the dark heart of the city. Some of these driveways-of-the-future sped through melancholy and desolate tracts of dingy and but quickly aged dwellings (dating from a recent reign of terror in home-building), where the great anonymous mass of Chicagoans lived, toiled, slept, were joyous and suf-

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fered. Other boulevards followed the beautiful lake shore, with the palisades of modern skyscrapers flanking one side, and the expanse of Lake Michigan the other, as they moved north and south toward the up-to-date, uniform residences in which the prosperous third or fourth of Chicago lived.

There had been no space left in the city, and so the natives had filled in a long stretch of the lake following the city's edge, much as the Netherlanders reclaim sea-bottom. From the barren stretches of mud and dumps which I beheld, the gardens, tropical lagoons, parade grounds, and flowery quays of the future were to arise; while at the outer rim a mighty causeway had been flung up—the "outer drive," which was to parallel the length of the city, avoiding the frantic congestion of the Loop. All this was merely a portion of the magnificent constructive effort whereby Chicago was preparing herself for the World's Fair of 1933. Their eyes fixed on the future, the local patriots "bled themselves" to make way for the New City through a program costing some three hundred millions. And, groaning, they bore upon their energetic backs the onerous burden of contract "graft."

My companion on this stroll through the city, a prominent Chicago architect, informed me that a few "experts," for quarreling over estimates of part of the plan, had received $2,500,000 for some hours of work! But graft, I reflected, was another misnomer. Chicagoans had long been sentimental about underpaying their public servants, who would thus have been left at a sad disadvantage as compared with salesmen or beer-runners. Graft was economic retribution awarded to those enterprising government officials who embodied the current morality of acquisition and profit.

ENTERPRISE, profit, acquisition. We discussed this as we sat on the parapet of the lake and looked toward the city, throbbing above and underground with the sustained and violent effort of its three millions. My friend was an idealistic son of Chicago. He had a conception of plastic beauty that was both modern and true to the American scene. The objects about his office, the plans or pictures of edifices he had been suffered to make here and there, showed a fine and disinterested craftsmanship, rather exalted motives. Architecture was the one art which played a strategic rôle in our life today, he said. But it was given over to materialistic engineers and business men. Now this man was a *humanist;* how did he survive? I wondered.

"I am *compartmented,*" he said to me with a certain grief. "I am a divided soul. I must live; and so when orders come to me for a horrible mansion in imitation French Renaissance, I shut up the compartments in me which would protest, do the job and hope for another day."

This dual personality I was to find everywhere among the men of Chicago. It resulted in their doing work they did not believe in or enjoy; shutting their eyes to a great deal which they preferred not to see. Similarly, in famous business leaders or politicians, I would find a brilliant equipment for their own work accompanied by fearful gaps or voids, blind spots toward all the human issues not immediately under their charge. And in the weaker types this bewilderment led often to hysteria or to violence.

THE VISAGE of Chicago is more candid than that of any other great capital in the world. Here is no concealment of the source of wealth and power behind mere figures, monuments or counting-rooms. The strenuous productive effort typifying industrial America roars in your ears, strikes the eye on all sides. Within the center of the city one drives along elevated causeways past miles upon miles of the "greatest tonnage, the greatest railroad yards in the world." Hogs, cattle, hides, lumber, grains, pour in and out. Herds of locomotives give forth a mighty music as well as those low-hanging clouds of soft-coal smoke which poison and discolor all the air. A myriad of factories thunder and belch forth more smoke from their virile chimneys. And to the West, not far from the busy Loop, are the famed slaughter-houses which I visited in all reverence to Chicago's traditions and mythology. Here I could stare at the thousands of men working "in line" by the machines which disassembled and packed the Nation's viands at breakneck speed. Mass-production had been conceived here long before the automobile. The wealth, the fabulous prosperity of the country, candidly seen, was achieved by a systematic, violent (some would say *brutal*) exertion, and accompanied by the stench of blood and ordure. Oh, it was all sanitary enough! But there are people who still associate with names like Swift or Armour only abstract stock-exchange ciphers.

THE LAST INDIANS departed from Chicago more than eighty years ago. Yet it is still a frontier land in the economic sense. Those who hurry in a milling crowd, those who labor, struggle violently, drive competitors to the wall, or kill—they are not fools or maniacs; they still see clearly new and unclaimed Eldorados in meat, dried-blood tankage, real estate, beer. Hence, the stupendous contrasts: granite museums and universities rose near the inferno of stockyards, the great gaps in the face of the city, the "bad-lands" as they were called. In the era of breathless expansion there had been no time to harmonize things or compose an order.

And so in their brief moments of leisure or repose, Chicago's men and women viewed these fearful extremes or contrasts with little surprise or horror. They developed a defense against shock which was called being "hard-boiled," and boasted of this state of mind. Thus, they issue in a crowd from an evening of Wagner at the Symphony and read how, for four hours today, 200 policemen with machine guns and tear bombs have battled to subdue a single negro boy with a sawed-off shotgun and killed him only after heavy casualties upon a battlefield only two miles removed from Symphony Hall. Or, they come from a poetry reading at Chicago University and note that Chicago nurtures as many thousands of poets as it does gunmen! They hear how "pineapples" have been exploded at the threshold of a local statesman, or that the justices of the criminal courts were overwhelmed with work. And headlines stare at them: "1936 UNTRIED CASES: JUDGE ADVISES FEWER INDICTMENTS!"

The wonder of it was, I felt, that evidences of generous idealistic motives, evidences of the "culture of a white race" not only persisted, but multiplied on all hands. I had seen a widely-known poetess, Miss Harriet Monroe, who devoted herself all day long to the discovery of tender-green literary talent. I had met the humanitarians of Hull House, grouped about the inspiring Jane Addams, warring unselfishly upon poverty and shiftlessness in the slums of South Halsted Street. I had met Mr. Julius Rosenwald, head of the celebrated and standardized Sears-Roebuck chain system and also a phil-

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anthropist, who acquainted me with the Rosenwald Fund (of $60,000,000) for the advancement of education.

Finally I directed my steps in the evening toward a home of culture in the "Gold Coast," on North State Street. In this comfortable and tasteful old residence my hostess, a leading political figure in the State party organization, proved to be as accomplished and witty as she was hospitable. The spirited conversation of those present, the good music, the excellent cocktails and wines, all completed the picture of refinement.

On the way my shirt had been darkly soiled by falling cinders and my misfortune was painfully evident to all eyes. Yet I was easily forgiven this lapse and assured that it was a common occurrence. How could I speak of my consternation at the terrible contrasts and lacunæ I had already witnessed in the social body; or of my interest in the supposedly waning crime wave?

Fortunately there was a person of authority among the guests; the owner of one of those very stockyards which I had visited in the morning, a man at whose name one literally trembled. He was consuming perhaps his eighth or ninth cocktail when I approached him:

"The crime business is exaggerated," he said. "We have a reform adminstration now, and even if the gangsters continue to kill each other off, all that is localized. We don't care how often they kill each other off. They never bother us."

It took an effort not to be astonished by such candor and "realism" from one who was also a philanthropist, a donor to universities, a lover of opera music.

"Prohibition?" he said, draining his glass. "After all it is a good thing for the people, is it not? Before prohibition my men used to come in on Mondays after the week-end spree, and work at fifty or sixty per cent efficiency. On Tuesday seventy-five or eighty per cent efficiency. It was Wednesday before they were fully up to the mark. Now nearly all of them show ninety to 100 per cent efficiency on Monday morning! They save money, buy cars, pay for their homes."

THE SCENE shifted. It was "The Tavern," a famous literary club on the thirty-second story of a new skyscraper at 333 North Michigan Avenue. A famous surgeon, an editorial writer for an enormous Chicago daily, a cartoonist, a celebrated magazine-writer, a political ward-heeler, even the Police Commissioner of Chicago, William E. Russell, were at the table, as well as others who joined from time to time. The place was decorated in the garish style affected by modern French and German furniture designers. All Chicago had gone in for the *modernesque*.

My neighbor, the editorial writer, preached the current materialism at me. He offered to introduce me to a distinguished man sitting near-by.

"He is a pragmatist, a man of intensely practical, concrete deeds. He has never had a general or abstract notion in all his life."

The career of this typical son of Chicago was sketched for me. A former stockyards boy, he had joined the circulation crew of a great newspaper. It was rough work. They went out with clubs, not only to increase circulation but to hold down that of rival newspapers. The man became crew manager. Competition was bitter —and with Hearst! Reporters broke into homes to get photographs, kidnapped witnesses at the point of guns. Now the circulation manager was a great figure in the business world, a politician and a local patriot. He also had a broken nose and a heavy, prominent jaw. Did I want to meet him? No.

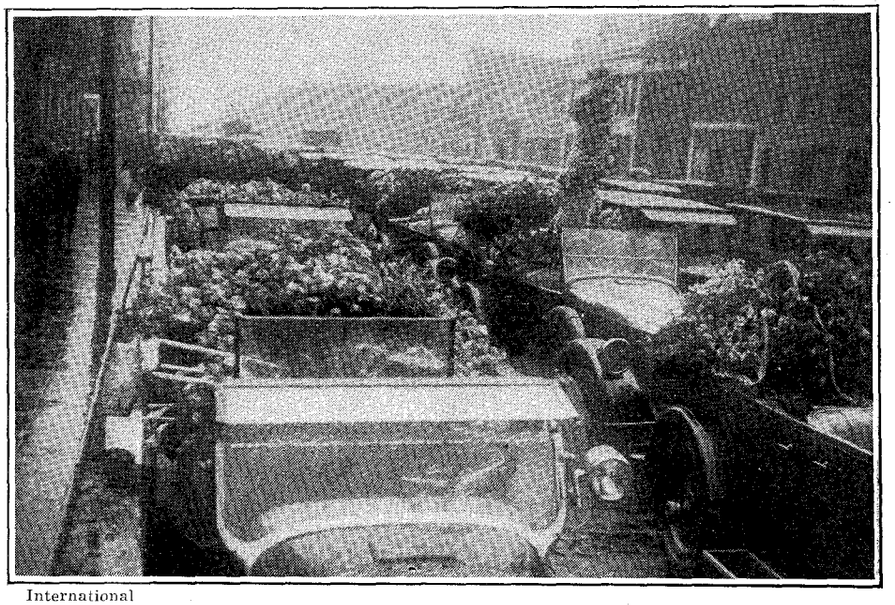
How did I find Chicago, they asked me? I did not mind the "racket," nor reading about the crime wave, I said. It was the smoke that disturbed me. The night before, my dress shirt had been soiled. The great pity was that I have not seen the blue sky, not a single bar of sunlight, since leaving New York six days before.

"Hush-hush!" some one whispered. "The Smoke Commissioner of Chicago is right here. He won't like this."

"So," I exclaimed, perhaps a little hardily. "I should like to know him. I am glad to meet you, Mr. Smoke Com—"

The individual in question, massive, bespectacled, very red in the face. rose in all his 240 pounds and said: "I consider that you have made a reflection upon me, sir. I won't stand for this insult. Put up your hands."

I laughed and was about to point out that it could be taken as in jest, when the Smoke Commissioner swung majestically at my head. I ducked; and thenceforth was so busy watching and dodging two ponderous and unsteady fists, that I only gathered afterward from witnesses that I had put up an agile defense, retreating for the most part, before this superior mass which my occasional sallies could scarcely budge. For some minutes, during which I recall dimly the Commissioner missing a heavy swing and falling with a heavy crash in a corner; also ladies running with little screams into adjoining rooms; also purple-faced bell-boys darting out of the way; also the crunching sound of the Commissioner's spectacles under my feet, I continued this unequal and ominous defense of my skin and ribs. I remember also a glancing blow which nearly demolished my front



International

FUNERAL OF "DIAMOND JOE" ESPOSITO LABOR LEADER AND POLITICIAN

Who was shot by gunmen two weeks before the last election. Twenty-six automobiles were required to transport the flowers to the cemetery

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teeth; and later, being hustled into the elevator and driven quietly home while I smoked a cigar. (In all justice to Police Commissioner Russell, I must say that he had left the club a few minutes before I was assaulted by the doughty custodian of Chicago's smoke nuisance.)

FOR SUNDAY MORNING, in the quiet of my hotel, I had set aside the week's files of the newspapers, which I had scarcely had time as yet to read. Now that the Thompson-Crowe machine had been defeated by the reformists (Thompson remaining in office for another two years), I watched the ebbing wave of crime.

There was infinite detail. Trial witnesses were being kidnapped, slaughtered or beaten on the head with baseball bats to render them stupid. The picturesque millionaire "Alkie," Joe Saltis, was being cross-questioned. Although it was rumored that he hired murderers cold-bloodedly to dispatch his competitors, his sentence was light. His remarks were gay and insolent.

"What are you going to do, you fellows? What are you hanging around here for? You can't beat me!" This to officers of the Criminal Court.

I noted also with intense satisfaction that the Smoke Inspector was being humiliated by the City Council, and smoke-abatement removed from his jurisdiction!

Amused and intrigued by turns at these clear signs of the continuance of the Great Insurrection against Dullness and Order, I resolved to spend my remaining time in Chicago learning something about the "racketeers." True, it was a little unfair to the more classical professions of the fine arts, the church, medicine, finance, engineering, to single out this more romantic one. Yet crime had been the culminating fact of Chicago's spectacular life which had called the attention of the whole world to her. "The Nation's Crime Center" or "Crime Capital of the World." And in my mind the motivation of the racketeer had become linked with the ruthless materialism by which great men conquered fortunes or seized political power.

The modern racketeers scarcely resembled the habitual criminal of the past. They were rather rebels against laws which a great portion of the people openly flouted. An immense, formerly respectable trade, had fallen into their hands. And the people who drank the beer and whiskey these romantic apaches dispensed, placed the halo of Robin Hood round their heads, applauded their charm, their deeds of daring and paraded by the thousands at their untimely funerals. Statesmen and political workers, if not openly joining in the procession, came at least secretly to look on and shed a tear over the departed captain of crime. No walk of life was unrepresented.

The number of gunmen and beer runners far outnumbered that of the police; they were, moreover, more heavily armed and used steel vests, airplanes, "pineapples," gas bombs, armored cars, machine guns. The real balance of power in government, according to a Mexican calculation, obviously rests with the more heavily armed party—that is, with Al Capone's legions.

The publisher of a great daily offered me two of his men as guides: one had

International

"SCARFACE" AL CAPONE
One of Chicago's richest citizens

come up from the stockyards and knew his underworld; the other was his star reporter and had achieved a National reputation for his beats, some of which almost antedated events.

"You mustn't be alarmed. Chicago is a young, overgrown bully among cities, as Carl Sandburg says. We have a motley of foreign races. You cannot convert an urban mass of three millions to puritanism overnight. We never wanted prohibition. It has ruined our police and our city government. The trouble is that Chicago is full of small-town people. The good people go off to their model suburban towns, play golf, build modern schools and gardens for their children, and ignore the smoke, the stew and vice of the city."

"They are *compartmented*," I said.

To my two guides I had said: "Take me to Al Capone! I want to see him."

"We can try, at any rate," said the grey-haired stockyards boy.

Not that I hoped, in our limited tour of "blind pigs" and "night dives," to witness an orderly job of manslaughter. I sought that which is called "atmosphere"—do not laugh—I mean the atmosphere that is symptomatic of a great industry, just as the stench of blood and grease, and the violent movements, seen and smelled in the Swift slaughter-houses had become allegory for me; or the messenger boys roller-skating with orders between desks in the great rooms of Sears, Roebuck. I felt in fact that there was little danger, little chance of encountering violence—although on this score I was to be somewhat disabused!

Capone was the genius of the alcohol organizations. He was one of Chicago's richest citizens, I learned. A Sicilian, he had come some years ago from Brooklyn with wealth gained from his trade in bawdy houses and taken up beer-running. Now he lived in a regal suite of the Metropol. The shutters of his windows were of steel; the doors of steel. And a great vault, so the legend ran, lay beneath his floor containing a fabulous treasury of champagne and emeralds. He had a bodyguard of fifteen heavily armed men surrounding him at all times.

At the Metropol we proceeded to the eighth floor and then were stopped in the corridor by a young man who was perfectly well dressed, genial, but firm of manner.

"Mr. *Brown*," said the young man, as if he had not heard my request for Mr. Capone, "is not at home just now and besides, he is not in the habit of granting interviews."

There was even a certain impatience in his regard. Down the hall three men lounged in deep red arm-chairs and glanced at me casually from time to time. My friends nudged me. I decided to retire from the field, learning later that this was the usual result.

"But that man is no bandit," I exclaimed. "He is a great capitalist."

SOMEWHERE in the Loop, off Wabash Avenue, we penetrated a series of doors leading out of a candy store. It was a dreary bar. (Unlike New York, speakeasies here were well-nigh invisible to the unpracticed eye, while the quality of whisky was immensely superior.)

"This is a well-known collection-spot," said the star reporter.

"Politicians come here to meet the

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Alkies and get paid off. Nobody here tonight. Mostly small-fry; I mean rank and file hoodlums!"

At the back of the room a man caught my eye. He was neatly clothed—for it was the day of repose—smooth shaven and blond. His derby was tilted far back on his head, and he himself sat rocking, tilted far back in his chair, quite tranquilly, with a far-off, almost a dreamy look in his eyes. When we had left the place, I inquired about him.

"Oh, I know him," said the stockyards boy. "An Alkie, a small bootlegger. Nice fellow, Italian. Married. He told me some weeks ago that he had got a death threat. 'I expect to get mine any day now,' he said."

"Why doesn't he clear out?" I thought with horror of what his state of mind must be. "Start again somewhere else?"

It was explained to me that he would be "taken for a ride" just as soon in St. Louis or in Brooklyn. Only recently a little Chicago grocer had refused to pay tribute and moved to St. Louis to conduct his quiet wine business. Six months later he had been killed in the back room of his store.

We went to "Silver's Restaurant," a gathering place on the West Side. The place had prospered. Renovated in horrible new paint, marble and glass, the blood of five successive killings in three years had been erased. We ate well. We spoke in low tones.

Little by little I gained a comprehensive view, as I thought, of the crime business. I reconstructed this also from reliable information that I gathered elsewhere, much of it word-of-mouth, involving the names of great personages in the financial and political world. Reporters, editors, labor leaders, lawyers or politicians on the "reform" side repeated bits of information to me guardedly so that I ended by acquiring firm convictions.

For it was a rule that *no evidence, nothing written* or visible, was ever left behind. There is never any prima facie evidence of co-operation between government and racketeers. All is by word of mouth, in the memory or in cash.

At Silver's, among a great many odd-looking people of all races, I saw few "criminal types." By this I mean faces befitting a Broadway stage rôle, the only "criminal types" we know, really. All that I sensed in them was the same thorough-going materialism, the "hard-boiled" philosophy which had been expounded to me by a great meat packer and a professor of Chicago University. Against the swift lust for acquisition in a frontier zone, (so much like the early character of the Standard Oil trust and the Erie Railroad of fifty years ago), there was also the spiritual side, which gave them the typical dual nature of Chicago: their loyalties to comrades, their gallantry, their romanticism. Their organization had spread out systematically, following neatly the political subdivision of the city into wards. Beer-alcohol-drug-and-bawdy-house concessions were let out like chain-store privileges. Only there was a dreadful inefficiency owing to pioneer conditions in the industry. True, they were rapidly acquiring social prestige; great banks invited their swollen accounts, political parties competed for their massive contributions. But the wastefulness was prodigious. A $3 barrel of beer cost $60 laid down in a store, and dispensed to the consumer cost $119.50 in glasses. Tribute to politicians had been estimated at $3,000,000 annually. Al Capone, from his pedestal as the "Solomon" of the trade, and working through his great lieutenants, was steadily combatting this inefficiency. The killings were traced to bitterness of competition in these early stages of the industry. Three great organizations derived tribute from three principal Chicago zones, Capone having the rich Loop district. Now and then an Alkie poached on some one's ward, either in the large or subsidiary divisions. Where could they find justice? They were beyond the pale, there was no law, no court for them, except death. It was instant death to reach over for a "dime placed by an imaginary line." Or, an ambitious citizen, longing for swift advance in our social scale, would gather a "mob" and wipe out an intrenched merchant or jobber. Then he would go to the political boss, the local police officer, the great "Beer Baron," and delicately explain that the previous incumbent was no longer in existence and that he had taken his place.

The scene of my reconnoitering had shifted to "Little Bohemia," a celebrated beer place. As we spoke of government "authority" my companions pointed to a large middle-aged man, wearing the black felt hat that so many politicians affect, who had just entered the bar.

"He is ———," they whispered. "Candidate for United States Senatorship for Illinois a few years ago. A famous lawyer, generally working for the racket."

I was seated at a table in a barroom,

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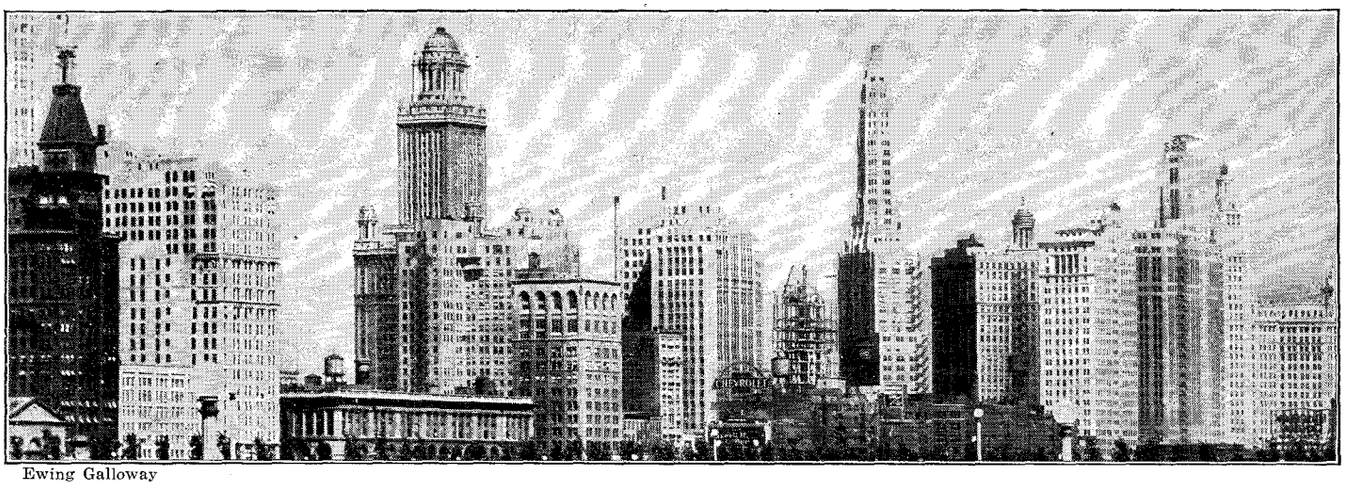

Ewing Galloway

"Grandiose and Turbulent, the Colossal Banks and Tiers of Skyscrapers in the Loop District"

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Who'll Wash the Dishes?

By SARA J. WARDEL

Wherever two or three housewives are gathered together, there you will find talk of the servant problem. And yet rarest of all is such a conversation in which a solution is offered. The author comes forward with a plan, not only to make service more attractive, but to bring the relation of servant to employer more into line with modern practice in business

MY FRIEND the dabbler in astrology looked up. "—and you may expect trouble from servants or employees during the early part of 1929," he continued, while my happy world crashed in ruins about my head.

If only it had been anything else! I should not have minded loss through fire, accident, explosion, earthquake, treason, poison or insanity. But the thought of another domestic upheaval turns my hair gray.

"Trouble from servants or employees."

I wonder to how many housewives this phrase represents Karma in its most cantankerous mood? There must be thousands of other women like myself whose lives seem to be a perpetual round of losing maids.

I call to mind the gentleman who recently sat on my left at a dinner party. When the conversation turned on the help question, as it almost invariably does nowadays wherever two or three are gathered together to suffer at the hands of a new cook, he said unhesitatingly, "If men faced housekeeping problems they would have been solved long ago. Yet women claim mental equality with the male."

Fifty years ago our grandmothers swept and scrubbed, spun and sewed. They fed hired men, filled kerosene lamps whose chimneys had to be polished every day and rocked the cradle that was never empty. As soon as one baby graduated to shoes, there was a new one for the swaddling clothes.

Money was not plentiful. Leisure was unknown. There was no great incentive to the simplification of household tasks. When the housewife got her work done, there were always new chores awaiting her. Brought up on the twin dicta of church and state, "Woman's place is in the home" and "Man's work's from sun to sun but woman's work is never done," your Nineteenth Century gentlewoman merely resigned herself to her fate.

Today the situation is radically different. Money and mechanical time-saving inventions have brought leisure. Education has brought enlightenment. Woman has discovered that she, like man, has a mind and a soul. She is more than just two arms to wield the scrubbing brush, two legs to trot on errands to the grocery store and a body for the sole purpose of bearing children. She is a human being with the full rights and privileges thereof.

Equal suffrage has changed her political status. Education has altered the popular conception of her mental powers. Birth control has limited the number of her children. An industrial revolution has proved her economic possibilities.

HAVING SOLVED the old inferiority bugbear, woman looks around on a new world and discovers that a new problem faces her. Being eternally feminine, she is not satisfied without love. So she marries. Thereupon she finds that she is still ultimately responsible, men and children being what they are, for the family's comfort and safety. But the inspiration of a salary check has spoiled her for washing dishes and scrubbing floors. The mental stimulation of congenial work has made household drudgery unattractive.

Any happy solution of the dilemma hinges on her finding some method of adequately delegating household responsibilities to other shoulders. But where are those "other shoulders" which once belonged to that obliging soul, the maid-of-all-work? Your ambitious housewife, whether her leanings are toward a career or leisure to play bridge, discovers that the creature has inconsiderately vanished.

Obviously we must first turn our minds to a more scientific solution of the domestic situation than we have yet achieved. Surveying the battleground of lost hopes, we find it hopelessly disorganized. Rules and regulations, laws and by-laws, govern almost every other field of employment. In industry there are trade unions. Organizations of factory workers, bricklayers, plumbers, carpenters, printers, railroaders and miners co-operate effectively with the capital that employs them. Farmers are organizing. In the professional world there are actors' equities and authors' leagues, free-lance artists' guilds and publishers' associations. Only the American housewife and her rapidly disappearing servant appear to remain unorganized.

Perhaps the housewife is at first inclined to consider the employment agency a similar organization in the domestic world. But she soon learns differently. Ordinarily such agencies represent neither the housewife nor the servant. They are out primarily to make money. They are not interested in the sociological aspects of the problem. Fees are usually derived from the workers who pay, in small installments, their earnings for the first week of employment. It is therefore to the agency's immediate financial advantage to stir up trouble between employer and employee. If either is dissatisfied with the other, it means a resultant change with two additional commissions in the agency's coffers.

A girl who recently worked for me went to pay the last such installment on her fee.

"They kept asking me if I was sure I liked it here," she said on her return. "They didn't seem to want me to stay. I told them that I liked my job but they were talking about a place where I could get two dollars more."

SO IT GOES as long as a dollar in the hand looks larger than two in the bush. The Employment Agency of the future will learn to change this policy. The better ones are already doing so. Like the little signs on display in store windows to the effect that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement, the agencies must be made to realize that in the long run only honest service brings lasting rewards.

The housewife, also, needs to waken to her shortcomings. There may be honor among thieves but there is precious little of it among women in search of help.

An amusing example of this came to me the other day. A woman prevailed upon the nursegirl of a supposedly dear friend to come to her instead. A few weeks later she listened in on the up-

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stairs telephone extension and heard her friend, the former employer, coaxing the servant to return!

"You have to work much harder for Mrs. Cummings, Delia," argued the friend. "There are two children instead of only one. I've been meaning to raise you for some time. How about it?"

The girl went.

This is a childish trick, reminiscent of the days when marriage was the only vocation open to women and they were pitted against each other for man's favor. Surely we can afford to be friendly now that we are no longer on a competitive basis. We cannot hope to solve our domestic problems, or any other problems for that matter, as long as it may still be said, "A woman's worst enemy is woman."

THERE IS another point often overlooked by women who complain about the inferior type of servants available today in the domestic market. It is never pleasant to face distasteful truths, but the fact remains that the imposing housewife is largely responsible for the present dearth of good workers. She has driven her servants so unmercifully that they have gone into other fields where hours are regulated and tasks definitely specified in advance.

Such servants as are left in the field have staged a sort of informal revolution. The advertisements in any local paper are indicative of their modern attitude.

"Small apartment; no washing and ironing; no children."

"Good plain cook; no fancy dishes; no cleaning; no laundry."

"Light housework desired. Business couple preferred. Sleep out."

"Housekeeper for elderly or business couple. No pets."

Even money does not appreciably alter the facts. The wealthy woman has almost as much trouble getting adequate help as her middle-class sister. A friend of mine with a larger income than she knows how to spend wisely, wailed the other day, "I declare I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm thinking of listing my box at the opera with the employment agencies! Do you think it would do any good if I offered the servants the use of the town car and my membership card at the Embassy Club?"

All over the country there are great estates, deserted for lack of capable servants to run them. People have moved into hotels and small apartment houses, sacrificing the fine spirit of the American home to the "help" problem. Old-time hospitality is rapidly becoming an out-moded phrase. Our children are not likely to know its meaning. It is easier to entertain one's friends at a club or restaurant than before one's own blazing hearth, especially when there is no one to sweep up the ashes next morning.

Middle-class apartments are notable for two lost rooms, the guest room and the maid's room. It is next to impossible to house a maid any longer, even if one is lucky enough to find her. The permanent servant, once a household fixture like grandpa's chromo, has given place to the by-the-day girl or part-time worker who "sleeps out."

The manufacturer is doing everything possible to simplify housework. Electricity itself is a modern servant in the home which cares to take advantage of the wonderful appliances now on the market. But the machines still require some hand to direct them, some brain to control their use. One such pair of hands can easily do the work of two, ten years ago. But where is that one pair of hands?

IF ORDER is to be brought into the domestic world, women will have to get together and work out a radical reorganization of their household arrangements. Signs already point this way. There are all sorts of experiments under way. Community laundries and kitchens are springing up, nursery schools of the better type for the children of professional people, co-operative apartments with service features included. Summer courses are being offered at the leading colleges on various aspects of home management. Experts are touring the country, lecturing on home economics. Gradually women are beginning to sense that group consciousness necessary to the intelligent solution of their mutual problems.

The Nation is built, however, on the sanctity of the individual home. So far as community experiments serve to strengthen and preserve the family unit, they are valuable and will become permanent. But when they tend toward institutionalism, they become dangerous. There will always be the necessity of securing help to make possible the harmonious operation of the private home with its father-mother-child group.

The most important and immediate problem is to attract a higher type of woman into this field than is ordinarily available at present. The old-fashioned servant who took up domestic service as a life work because she loved it and would not consider anything else, is gone. Her heart was in the home of her adoption. A leading dietitian said recently that food cooked for us by some one who loves us is better for us than meals prepared by some one who does not care. But where is that loyal heart today?

MOST GIRLS are in the servant class because they are fitted for nothing else and are only seldom even fitted for housework. It is a half-way station. Almost anything else is considered more respectable. The first chance to enter a factory or office, even in a minor capacity, is quickly seized. Housework has come to carry a slur of inferiority.

First of all, then, domestic work must be dignified as a real profession. The servant should be encouraged to keep her self-respect. Even the most ordinary little gum-chewing stenographer is honored, in office association, by the use of "miss" before the cognomen. If the boss began calling her "Jane" as soon as she had hung up her hat, she would be grievously insulted. Why should the family servant invariably become "Clara" or "Annie" to the household, immediately she has entered its employ? The scrub woman who comes in by the day is always discreetly addressed as "Mrs. Maloney." But the maid who "lives in" is at once assigned the position of a family dependent by the intimate use of her first name.

This fact alone keeps many older women out of domestic service. They meet with financial reverses, perhaps, which force them to earn a living. Having had homes of their own, they are eminently qualified to take up housekeeping. They could become invaluable to many a home sorely in need of their efficient help. But they are rightfully too proud to swallow the insults often in store for the servant. So they turn to some other occupation actually less attractive to them.

One splendid woman of this type told me her experience in this connection.

"I went to a very wealthy home to take care of a baby. The mother insisted on introducing me to the rest of the servants as 'our new nurse, Mary.' I told her politely that my name was 'Miss Williams.' She continued to ignore my suggestion so I left the next day. I could see that she not only in-

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tended to call me Mary but also to treat me accordingly."

Office and factory workers are further dignified by a wage adequately enabling them to pay for their room and board. It is only the permanent servant whose "living" is automatically deducted from her salary. She is paid a certain amount with allowance made for the cost of her meals and the use of her room. No wonder so many girls prefer to work by the hour at a fixed rate. They are thus able to pay for their upkeep and retain their independence.

Will not the future see the housewife giving her servant a living wage from which the girl may repay the sum determined upon in advance as fairly representing the full value of her room and board? It is a mere technicality, perhaps, but it would accomplish a great deal toward investing housework with honest dignity and the servant with decent self-respect.

The private home is the only large employment area where hours and tasks are still unregulated. The alarm clock, unlike the factory whistle, only starts the day and does not mark its close! The maid has no protection, except her own insurrection, against the sort of housewife who requires an unreasonable amount of hard labor. She may be forced to rise at dawn to tend breakfast fires and be found still slaving late in the evening over dishes for a company dinner. Overtime pay is unheard of; a twelve-hour day is not unknown.

INCORPORATING the household on a business basis is the only intelligent solution of the problem. Factory and office regulations must eventually take the place of the present confusion in the home. Capitalists, large manufacturers and employers of the working class in general have found it to their ultimate advantage to meet the just complaints of their employees in some such equitable compromise. Why should the plan not work equally well at home?

The idea may unfold in a small way at first. Large oak trees still grow from tiny acorns. Perhaps a group of intelligent women in a moderately sized city will approach their most progressive employment agency. They will say, "Look here, let's get together and discuss the situation fairly as it applies to this town. We represent the housewife. You represent the servant. Suppose we draw up terms satisfactory to both sides."

Rules and hours having been agreed upon, a paid committee could then be appointed to examine candidates for employment with reference to experience and proficiency. Servants could easily be listed under appropriate classes based on the sort of work they preferred and were capable of doing well. There would be a heading for the girl who wanted to do general housework but did not like children; another for the maid who is an expert waitress and likes to do fine laundry work or sewing.

COMPARATIVELY few headings would cover the field and correspond to a fixed wage scale, determined by the rising order of classification. A baby nurse with hospital training in Class A, for instance, would receive the salary commensurate with her class. A newly landed greenhorn in Class M, on the other hand, would understand in advance that her work was in the nature of schooling. She could not expect the slightly higher salary of Class L, composed of girls who had at least learned to speak the language and answer the doorbell intelligently.

This arrangement would put an end to the present back-fence chatter of servants who discuss their wages and become dissatisfied when they learn that the maid next door gets two dollars more a week. In the new day of the incorporated household, there would be a definite incentive to work hard and rise into a higher class where salaries became automatically larger.

A contract, signed by both housewife and servant under ruling of the central committee, might bind each to a prearranged time length of employment. The employer would then be no longer liable to the distressing annoyance of having an inexperienced worker leave her employ as soon as she had been trained to the requirements of the household. At the end of the period, if an examination proved the girl capable of graduation to a higher class, the employer would be required either to pay her the larger wages of that class or else let her go, taking on another untrained girl in her place.

Inefficiency or slackness on the part of servants would soon become a definite handicap since they would immediately, after proper investigation by the central committee, drop back a class and lose their rating. The imposing, unjust housewife would find herself equally out of the swim. An effective boycott could readily be imposed by the governing body if repeated infractions of the law proved stubborn.

A training school of some sort might prove possible in connection with this plan. Girls who had sufficient time and income could undertake a two or three weeks' course in the particular phases of household management most attractive to them. A certificate of graduation from such a course would naturally place them in the higher classifications from which women who want expert help could make their choice.

It is impossible to overlook the present tendency toward specialization in every field. The housewife must be taught to realize that where it applies to servants, it is decidedly to her own advantage. In the long run it is cheaper to employ specialists to come in for a few hours every day than to hire an inefficient, bungling maid-of-all-work who specializes only in breaking up all the family china. The expert is rapid, thorough and skilful, whereas the household drudge represents an upkeep out of proportion to her first cost.

SPECIALIZATION has come to stay. The only problem that remains is how best to handle and control it. Perhaps we will eventually run our homes on four-hour shifts, like the factories, with a new group of rested, efficient workers arriving three times a day.

By thus dignifying housework, it might even be possible to arrange for occasional shifts from other professions. Office workers, tired of the indoor strain, would then find no shame attached to becoming mothers' helpers with the resultant opportunity for outdoor walks with the children. Imagine the joy of a woman who was able to secure the services of a competent kindergartener temporarily in need of country rest and fresh air.

Undoubtedly the situation as it now stands is a stalemate. Both sides are at a standstill. The servant demands the impossible. The housewife *expects* the impossible. It rests with the intelligent minds of every community to wipe the board clean and start a new game.

Vague grumblings and growlings from the servant class are gathering force. It is a dull, blind discontent that stirs them. They are a heterogeneous group without present strength to organize themselves effectively. Perhaps that is why reform has been so long

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

AFTER seeing Maxwell Anderson's "Gypsy" and Ernest H. Pascal's "The Marriage Bed"—two of the latest contributions to Broadway's comedies—one is inclined to wish that Mr. Pascal and Mr. Anderson could have spent a week-end together somewhere, just prior to writing their plays, and exchanged characters. For both plays are concerned with the eternal triangle, and each one proposes the problem presented by marriage and sex and humanity's dream of fidelity to one love. Each, naturally, presents a different couple, and the trials and tribulations which beset them. But one of the main differences is that in Pascal's play, the difficulties beset the husband, and in Anderson's comedy the difficulties beset the wife. And a week-end, we are quite certain, would have persuaded both dramatists that most of the trouble lay merely in these individuals having married the wrong person. If they had married each other possibly all would have been well—and there wouldn't have been any problem to write about.

Perhaps it isn't fair to expect any dramatist who presents a special instance to draw general conclusions, which can apply to all marriages. Marriage, as a problem, differs for all individuals and individual couples. Mr. Pascal has chosen his situation and Mr. Anderson has chosen his. And neither play proves anything about the other. Nor does the philosophy of one playwright have much validity applied to the other's play.

Theatrically speaking, then, "The Marriage Bed" is infinitely the better acted play of the two. These people seem actually to be suburban New York people—they are not just actors presenting the denizens of, let us say, Bronxville. They do not overact. They give an impression of life itself. Whereas in "Gypsy," it must be confessed that two thirds of the players, including Claiborne Foster herself, sadly overact their parts and are never anything but actors pretending to be Greenwich Village people. The result is—leaving aside the value of the plays themselves—that laughter and entertainment are much freer and easier at "The Marriage Bed" than at "Gypsy." There is a strained intellectuality somewhere in Maxwell Anderson's show. The problem itself becomes so evident that it is a little difficult to become lost in the play.

The ideas about love and marriage which both plays disclose are nevertheless most interesting—Ernest Pascal's, we would say primarily because of the extraordinary confusion which seems to exist in his mind and the distorted mirror which he, therefore, holds up to current life. Or is it current life which is confused? Well, at any rate, marriage is greater than sex, Mr. Pascal believes—and sex is pronounced with a rather sibilant, terrible "S." Apparently, sex is not only distasteful to marriage, but necessarily lies outside of it, according to "The Marriage Bed."

In order to prove this idea, Mr. Pascal's "husband" falls in love with a Greenwich Village lady, who, the wife is sure, is but a passing fancy. In order to prevent her husband from ruining his life, therefore, she refuses to give her husband a divorce; upbraids him for even mentioning the affair to her, finally agrees to give him a divorce when she is quite sure he no longer wants one, and thus brings him to feel again as the wandering boy coming home to Mama and the children.

Well, it is all right, of course. But one is left wondering what would have happened to Mr. Pascal's philosophy if the Greenwich Village lady had not been a passing fancy, at all, but, on the contrary, had been the husband's genuine companion in life: one who held his religion, his values and experienced life as he did. In that case the philosophy of "The Marriage Bed" would have proved invalid. Which all goes to show that it isn't possible to draw a genuine philosophy of marriage from this special instance. Mr. Pascal's play is a curious combination of Victorian emotionalism, and what is called ultra-modern, hard-boiled intellectualism. Considered as a vehicle for ideas, "The Marriage Bed" is very rickety indeed.

MR. ANDERSON, on the other hand, seems to feel very strongly that a lady who finds it impossible to be faithful to the man of her choice—after two or three choices—ought to seek another world through suicide. Since man has been, notoriously, precisely as unfaithful for a good many generations, it seems to us a little harsh to have a lady who acts as most men do, forced to condemn herself to suicide because of it. All the men in Mr. Anderson's play are quite perfect. They give Gypsy, the heroine, a great deal of kindly advice. They seem to feel that any man who loves her is going to get hurt. And this, undeniably, is so.

But just why this condemns her to suicide is beyond us. The trouble with Gypsy was that no matter how much she loved a man, temptation still beset her—which, as a view of human nature, doesn't seem very new. According to Mr. Anderson, however, Gypsy had seen her mother go from one man to another, always on the downward path, never able to reach the ideal of faithfulness in marriage with its resultant

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Our Own Theatre Guide

Caprice. GUILD. Highly intelligent and entertaining comedy of the emotions; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne give almost flawless performances.

The Perfect Alibi. CHARLES HOPKINS. The perfect detective play.

Little Accident. AMBASSADOR. Deftly acted, excellently written comedy; the love story of two very modern young people with clashing ideas.

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Under the Red Robe. SHUBERT. Stanley Weyman's book all over again with some very fair music.

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Angry Wilhelm—Ugly England

By T. R. YBARRA

EX-KAISER WILHELM II, it seems, when he heard that two great transatlantic liners now being built at Bremen in Germany were not to be named, respectively, Frederick the Great and Wilhelm the Great, after two of his most renowned Hohenzollern ancestors, wrote an angry protest to the directors of the company for which they are being built. In this letter he scolded them in terms which must have made them rub their eyes and wonder for a moment whether Germany was now a republic, Wilhelm an exile in Holland, and their action anything except a flagrant case of *lèse-majesté*. Wilhelm, to be sure—according to report—repented of his letter soon after it was written and tried to get it back before the directors read it, but he was too late. It was opened and read and raised many a good laugh among those in Bremen who are closer to what has happened since 1918 than the Squire of Doorn.

To those who are acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of Wilhelm the strange thing about the report is that he thought of Frederick the Great at all. For Wilhelm resents the appellation of "Great" which history has tacked to the name of that most able of Prussian kings. Though all Germany delights in reading about the exploits of "der alte Fritz" in war and peace—indeed he, if anybody, is the German national hero—his haughty descendant, the last of the Prussian kings and German Emperors, does not relish at all the celebrity attaching to his Eighteenth-Century ancestor. For him, his grandfather, Wilhelm I, first German Emperor, deserves far more the title of "the great" than the man who fought the armies of Maria Theresa and talked philosophy with Voltaire.

Why old Wilhelm's grandson should feel this way is difficult to see. His grandfather, though an estimable and nice old gentleman, was certainly not in a class with the doughty Fritz. Wilhelm II, nevertheless, thinks he was not only as good as Fritz but better—so much so that, in the book which he wrote some six years ago about himself and his reign, he persistently alluded to Frederick as Frederick II whereas, whenever he dealt with Wilhelm, he never once forgot to call him "Wilhelm the Great."

The dethroned Hohenzollern Emperor probably prefers the latter to Frederick because Wilhelm I seems closer to the personage who, the world has had reason to learn, he prefers to all human beings past, present and to come: his august self. Wilhelm, first of the Hohenzollern emperors, had the honor to be the grandfather of Wilhelm II, which alone is probably enough, in the eyes of his grandson, to entitle him to be called "Wilhelm the Great." As for Frederick—well, "der alte Fritz" lived far back in the past and, besides, he was never an emperor at all but only King of Prussia. So it is indeed strange that his descendant, the Squire of Doorn, gave a thought to him when he concerned himself with the names of those two future German ocean liners.

Underwood

THE SQUIRE OF DOORN

Still Kaiser—outside the Fatherland

English critics of these United States have frequently branded our country, in contrast to theirs, as noisy and ugly. Now they are suddenly losing sleep at the thought that, unless something is done and done quickly, the noise, crowds and ugliness in England will make her look ere long like a twin sister of horrid America.

English doctors are throwing fits about English noises. The solemn British Medical Association announces that the racket accompanying every-day life in the British Isles—especially London—is doing dreadful damage to British nerves. It is pointed out that the worst among modern noises are those that are sudden. Noises that recur regularly—like the din which strikes the ears of workers in factories—are less harmful because they have a constant rhythm, to which those forced to hear them soon get so accustomed that their nerves do not suffer overmuch.

But, worst of all, is the "uglification" of the English countryside. From time immemorial the English have met criticism of the fog and smoke and drabness of London and Manchester by saying in tones denoting supreme contentment: "Ah, but you should see the English countryside!"

Today the English countryside, or large parts of it, is largely garages. It is also filling-stations. It is likewise billboards. It is "Tea and mineral waters sold here." It is "Dangerous curve—blow your horn!" It is "Have you seen the new Umptyump Roadster?"

Nowadays, when one drives over the English countryside, one dashes madly for miles along wide, ultra-modern speedways, instead of idling pleasantly along heavily shaded country roads, flanked by charming old inns, intersected by poetic brooks. So great has the rage become for these unromantic highways that there is actually talk of driving one straight through the heart of a certain village which has become known as the "prettiest village in England." If this road is built, cry lovers of the beautiful, that village must relinquish its title. In fact, the threat to its loveliness, occurring simultaneously with other similar inroads of the spirit of the age, has caused such people to band together and shout from the housetops that England's beauty will soon be a thing of the past unless something is done about it. They even went so far recently as to organize an "Uglification Exhibit" in London—a veritable Chamber of Horrors.

One particularly pessimistic English writer wrote recently:

"A spirit of rank materialism has been let loose and unless drastic action is taken and pretty swiftly too England stands in grave peril of losing her glorious heritage of natural charm. Unless something is done the English countryside will be one endless suburb of arterial roads and raw townships."

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From the Life

One Possession

By IBBY HALL

NOT so long ago—certainly not more than half a century—there lived a man and his wife who were young and healthy, and happy to have found each other.

These were sober-minded young people, born in a nondescript class of society, which is promised success through obedience to others. They knew little enough about Queen Victoria. Nevertheless, from across a continent and ocean, she dominated these young people and their single possession, which was life. They owned nothing but life, and that had been given to them carelessly enough by others.

It was not their fault certainly that they had been born in a material age, when it was natural for two young people, with only life for riches and love for religion, to develop a conscience and listen to what they were told.

They were told in the first place both in church and by their employers, that they would not always be young. No one said as much openly, but certainly it was in the air that youth was a crime, second only to the crime of enjoyment. There were frightful examples in the upper classes, of the horrible state brought about by youth and enjoyment combined. That state was dissipation, and those unfortunates who fell into it were first denied the rewards of heaven, and then went stale upon the pleasures of earth.

But (they were told secondly) if youth worked hard and denied itself, by the time it was old it would have conquered hunger and impulse. It would be rich and resigned and ready for Heaven. So these two young people, accused by their age of hunger and impulse, listened seriously and took up their burden. They began early to carry on their young backs two old people, who whined and cajoled, commanded and threatened. For these two old people would starve if the young ones did not work. These two would die in the poor house if the young ones did not save.

So it was that in spite of youth the two young creatures lived soberly and worked hard. They chose to live in a tiny, one-room cottage outside the town and well into the country. It was not so easy living here, but it was cheap. There were no conveniences; they would have to walk to work, and work was to be found at a considerable distance. But youth and strength also were cheap. Then, too, it is expensive in a town to bring up children, expensive to have them and to provide them with shoes. In the country one has children like the animals, and lets them run barefooted like colts. In the country too, there is healthy work for a working man's children, and a moral bringing up that is good for them.

BUT THOUGH they were young and conscientious, the children never came. Work came, and hard times, and weariness. But they did not complain. They were grateful to be able to work, and at times even to save a little. The children, no doubt, would have prevented that. It was as well, probably, that there were no children. But with this lack of younger ones to help them later on, the old man and woman that rode upon their backs, grew more insistent. They would have no one to depend on but themselves, no one to support them and comfort their old age.

But they had their consolation. There was one pleasure for which they stole precious minutes of time—and ever and ever a minute more—for these two at last were saving, and with every day the savings counted higher. After a few years they would be able to rest perhaps. When the amount grew large enough the old ones that rode upon their backs might let them be. Meanwhile, what if work should be scarce? What if one of them should be ill? Already they were confusing the voices of those old people with their own voices.

It came one day as they had feared. There was no more work. They were still strong but not as they had been. They were still young—but were they young? It had been years since they had taken time to think about it. They looked at each other in sudden amazement. The employers then were right. They were no longer young, they were old. They looked about their one-room cottage, from which there had never been time enough to move, and saw it had become a shack. Where now was the loveliness of that outside world that had so tempted them? Standing on their doorstep, hand in hand, old and bewildered, they looked right and left and up and down. The city! While they had been working and saving, the city had crept upon them like a great cat. In ugly gulps the city had swallowed up their countryside, and they had been too busy to see what was going on. It was the burden of those two old people that had been to blame for this. But even as they remembered, and felt how stooped their shoulders had become from carrying that weight, they knew the burden was no longer there. They had become the burden.

They looked at each other and saw that they had only one possession. Well then, it was time to count up what they had saved. And the house, now that it was in the city, was doubtless valuable. If they could hold on to it only a little longer, they might sell it for quite a sum. Moreover, what work was to be had lay all about them. Odd jobs, maybe, but still enough to bring in something.

They went then to their secret hiding place to count up what they had saved. There was plenty of time. How better could they use it now than in the one enjoyment they had ever known? The minutes passed into hours, but they could go. Old hands fumble, and old brains cannot count so well. Well then, it was too much to count.

WHETHER the counting tired her or her body that had worked so hard now wanted to be still, the old man could not guess. But after the old woman had died there was less pleasure in counting what had been saved. There was no one to guard it now but himself, and what if he should be discovered? The neighbors—they were an unfriendly lot—never speaking, but always pointing and whispering behind an old man's back! He would be better off, more easy in his mind, if it were buried. But first he must finish counting. He must find out.

When he had finished counting, he said it over to himself. Two hundred thousand dollars. He made another calculation, his old brain staggering with the burden. Near a quarter of a million! That ought to be enough.

So he buried it; and when it was the next day the old man died.

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The Trend of Events

A Gesture, a Plan and a Problem

MR. BLAINE of Wisconsin has become a National figure. He is the sole representative in the Senate of what one newspaper calls the "lost cause of uncompromising parochialism." In the Senatorial vote of eighty-five to one for ratifying the Peace Pact of Paris he was the "one." As nearly as it could be that vote is indicative of the strength of public opinion as expressed in the editorial pages of the daily press.

Not every one is satisfied. Here and there a voice is raised in warning that this treaty be not allowed to become a narcotic, deadening the people's sensitiveness to the Nation's interests and safety; but the fear of that is not common. At the other extreme is the expression of regret that the ideal embodied in the treaty should seem to have been accepted grudgingly and that its effectiveness should have been impaired by suspicion and controversy. But for the most part the organs of public opinion seem to be well content that the Nation has without reservation renounced war as an instrument of policy but has, through a Senate Committee resolution, made it clear that it has not renounced self-defense. Is its only sanction the good faith of the nations? That is ultimately the only sanction of any treaty. Is it a pious sentiment? So is the Sermon on the Mount. It substitutes the idea of law for that of the code duello. It heads the nations in the right direction. It puts the burden of proof on every war-making nation that it is acting in self-defense. It sets up a pacific barrage against militaristic government. Incidentally, it has provided, through the Senate Committee's resolutions, an authoritative and reassuring statement of what the Monroe Doctrine is and, by implication, what it is not, thus removing it as an excuse for aggression on our part.

What next? Cruisers for the self-defense we have not renounced, say some. Setting up an arbitral tribunal with sanctions, say others. Adhering to the World Court, joining the League of Nations, ratifying the Pan-American conventions for arbitration and conciliation—so come in turn from still others the further suggestions. Generally it seems recognized that the nations will have to do something more on behalf of the machinery of peace and international law and justice before we can expect much reduction of armaments.

There is little, if any disposition discernible in influential journals to regard the bill for authorizing fifteen new cruisers and an aircraft carrier as inconsistent with the Peace Pact. On the contrary, among the strongest supporters of the Pact are to be found some of the strongest supporters of the cruisers. The Scripps-Howard papers, on economic and other grounds, are advocating postponement of the bill to the next Congress. A few other papers, while urging the adoption of the bill now, recommend that no time be set for beginning or finishing the construction. One newspaper supports Senator Borah's amendment embodying a proposal for a conference on the revision and codification of the law of the sea. Most newspapers, however, are for the adoption of the bill as it is.

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

At last!

Aside from these two subjects, peace and the cruisers, the press of the country seems particularly interested in Mr. Hoover's plans, the Rockefeller-Stewart fight, in which Mr. Rockefeller is the virtually unanimous favorite, and the future of the Democratic Party as recently discussed by Governor Roosevelt and ex-Governor Smith.

Apparently the press has given up as a bad job the endeavor to advise Mr. Hoover about his Cabinet. It is not only letting him take his own counsel but commends him for doing so. Of course it recognizes that he must consult the politicians, but it shows no enthusiasm about the advice they have probably been giving him. It is mildly interested in the report that Mr. Mellon may be retained. It expects nothing publicly until he has made his selections. The "Springfield Republican" sees in the anomaly of his conferences at Washington good reason why he should have been already inaugurated.

A general welcome has greeted the news, apparently authentic, that Mr. Hoover's investigation of prohibition is going to be, if he can make it so, inclusive, thorough, and impartial. The "New York Times" is practically alone in stating that we know enough about prohibition already—that it is demoralizing. Both wets and drys may be disappointed; but just now they are hopeful. The tenth anniversary of prohibition has brought both jeers and encomiums; but the opposition of Mr. Mellon—claimed by the wets and disclaimed by the drys—to a proposed additional appropriation of $25,000,000 for prohibition enforcement has apparently put the quietus temporarily upon the demand of some drys, seconded jeeringly by many wet journals, for an appropriation ten times as large. So the watchword now seems to be, wait for Mr. Hoover.

Governor Roosevelt's report that Democratic leaders throughout the country believe that their party was cheated out of the election, as Tilden was, is naturally called preposterous and asinine by Republican papers; but it is excoriated also by the leading Democratic Party organ in the country, the New York "World," as the "worst possible premise upon which to set about building up the shattered organization of the Democratic party."

Disillusioned

THOUGH ELECTED as the candidate of the drys, Herbert Hoover is threatened with trouble from the drys in Congress.

In an amazing debate, Democratic drys have solemnly protested against the record of two Republican Administrations in the enforcement of the dry laws. Ardent prohibitionists, they called the present conditions a farce. It

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Halladay in the Providence Journal

Waiting at the post

is doubtful if any other parlimentary body could present a parallel to this incongruous spectacle.

The mêlée began when Senator Harris of Georgia, one of the driest of the drys, obtained a favorable committee report for his amendment appropriating $25,000,000 additional for enforcement purposes, thus making for the fiscal year of 1930 the total of $38,000,000. Southern drys, supporting him, launched the most pretentious assault yet delivered against Secretary Mellon. On the Republican side drys as well as wets sat silent.

If Secretary Mellon is responsible for existing evils, asked Carter Glass, why should the Senate give him more money for the appointment of more "corrupt and inefficient agents"? The debate raged even more furiously when Mr. Mellon informed the Senate that he could not use the extra $25,000,000 for lack of means to expand enforcement and judicial agencies. Although his position impressed impartial observers as logical, he weakened it by the statement that, after almost eight years of small and obviously insufficient appropriations, he had instructed his subordinates to tell him what they required in additional personnel and equipment. This was accepted by his critics as a plea of guilty to the indictment that the Administration had not devoted itself exclusively to dry law enforcement.

Professional prohibitionists also took a hand. Bishop Cannon, Democratic supporter of Mr. Hoover, attacked Mr. Mellon by letter for lukewarmness. Mr. McBride, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, on the other hand, backed Mr. Mellon in his stand.

Ten years ago this month the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted: and nine years ago this month it went into effect. Now on this anniversary, when sponsors of prohibition are at odds, the judicious must grieve and await Mr. Hoover's promised inquiry.

▸▸*Chicago Loses—and Wins*

Chicago owes the Supreme Court thanks for doing it a favor. There was a time when the city poured its sewage into Lake Michigan and then proceeded to pump its drinking water from the same lake. Dissatisfied with the growing menace of this state of affairs, Chicago formed a Sanitary District and at huge expense cut through the water shed between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley. By breaking down this low barrier the flow of the Chicago River was reversed and the sewage of the great city diverted into the drinking water of the Mississippi Valley. Any one who has walked along the banks of the Chicago Drainage Canal easily realizes why the cities and counties below Chicago along the Illinois River did not take kindly to this reversal of the natural drainage from Chicago.

The Chicago Sanitary District was authorized by the War Department to take from the Lake 4,167 cubic feet of water a second for purposes of navigation. But this amount, while adequate for any immediate needs of shipping was not enough to handle the sewage of Chicago, so the Sanitary District proceeded to divert double this amount. This act brought protests from the other States along the Great Lakes and from the Dominion of Canada. It was claimed that the Chicago diversion lowered the water of the lakes and damaged the port facilities of numerous cities.

Chicago sat tight and thumbed its nose at the War Department, Illinois's sister States, the Dominion of Canada and the treaty obligations of the National Government.

After a lengthy struggle the States of New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan succeeded in getting their case before the Supreme Court, and in a unanimous decision the Supreme Court has now decided that the only diversion Chicago can make is for purposes of navigation as authorized by the War Department.

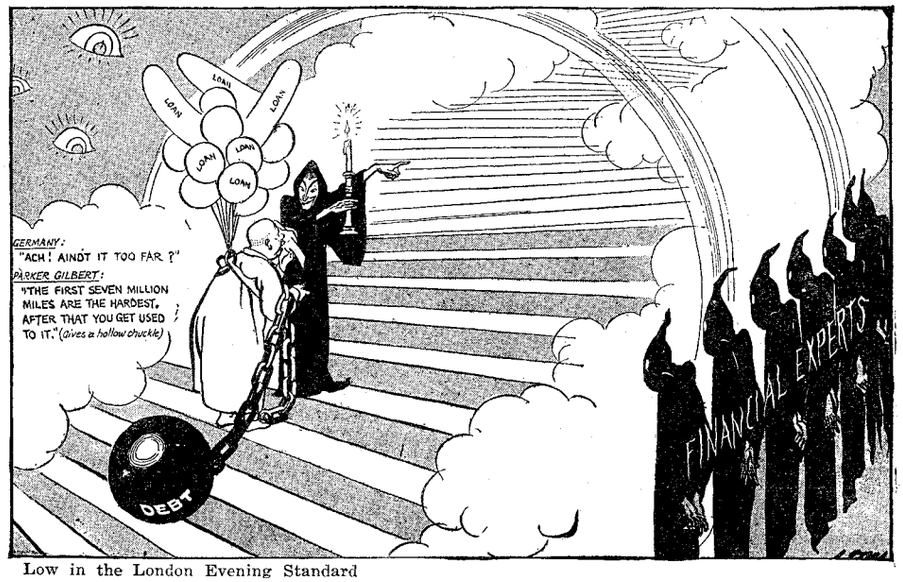
The court then gives assurance to the complainant States that though the restoration of their "just rights . . . will be gradual instead of immediate, it must be continuous and as speedy as practicable, and must include everything that is essential to an effective project."

This means that Chicago must proceed as rapidly as possible to develop its system of modern sewage disposal plants upon which it has already spent many millions—something, by the way, which all American municipalities must come to some day.

▸▸*Blocking Knowledge*

Ignorance still has strong allies among those in authority.

A woman has been indicted by a grand jury in Brooklyn, New York, because she has tried to provide for



Low in the London Evening Standard

In Reparations Dream and

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young people and those who teach them knowledge about sex. Ten years ago Mrs. M. W. Dennet wrote an article entitled "The Sex Side of Life." She wrote it in simple language, using and explaining the terms familiar to medical science, avoiding sentimentality, combining frankness with delicacy and setting forth a high ideal of human love and marriage. Since then it has been revised and reprinted in pamphlet form.

Whether instruction to all youth on this subject can best be given by distribution of the printed word can be rationally argued; but that is not the business of government authorities or the courts to decide.

Six years ago on the order of a Post Office inspector this pamphlet was barred from the mails. Now Mrs. Dennet has been indicted by the Brooklyn Grand Jury on the charge of mailing the pamphlet—not because of a technicality, but on the ground that the pamphlet, which means truthful and reverent instruction on the subject, is obscene.

Before he knew that the pamphlet had received the endorsement of many Young Men's Christian Association secretaries, as Mrs. Dennet has the humor to point out, Henry L. Mencken approved it. So have ministers, social welfare agents and physicians. It would be hard to imagine a wider range of endorsement.

Those who believe that knowledge of sex matters should not be intrusted either to the barnyard and the alley or to the censorious and emotional sentimentalist have rights which authorities will some day learn to respect.

The Cautious Senate

In walking the tightrope of international politics, the Senate evidently believes that we should watch our step. The American people have apparently believed so, too, ever since Woodrow Wilson's Administration. In Washington it is generally believed that there will be more rather than less caution under the Hoover Administration.

Though the Senate did not attach a reservation to the Kellogg Pact renouncing war, Senator Borah, to get the treaty passed, permitted an interpretation to be written into the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations:

"This report," it said, "is made solely for the purpose of putting upon record what your Committee understands to be a true interpretation of the Treaty and not in any sense for the purpose or with the design of modifying or changing the Treaty in any way or effectuating a reservation, or reservations, to the same."

The Committee report stated the opinion that the Treaty did not affect the rights of the United States under the Monroe Doctrine, did not modify the right of war in self-defense, and did not involve a commitment to any action in case a party to the contract should violate it.

Secretary Kellogg regretted Senator Borah's action. Senator Borah said that he had acted on his own responsibility. Practically, the interpretation was necessary to get a vote on the Pact.

What the Treaty means will depend upon what the nations think and do about it. If they feel it leaves them unconcerned in case of a violation of the peace, it will be hardly more than a pious form of words. If they feel that it obligates them to act as preservers of peace, it may mark the beginning of a new period of international relations, in which governments will think twice before rushing into wars of conquest.

Underwood

HIS EUROPEAN REFORMS FAILED

King Amanullah of Afghanistan who recently abdicated when tribesmen, angered by his introduction of Western customs, revolted

Underwood

TWO FAMOUS CONVALESCENTS

An unusual picture of King George of England and Marshal Foch of France, both of whom are now recovering from serious illness

Bankruptcy Cases

The Federal judges of the Southern District of New York have announced that in the future the American Exchange-Irving Trust Company will serve as receiver in all bankruptcy cases. In this way, they believe, they have eliminated the political patronage which has handicapped the law in its efforts to cure sick business.

The abuse has been in existence for many years and has been the subject of repeated criticisms by the bar and by the press. The decision of the New York judges follows charges that one David Steinhardt, an attorney, had de-

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frauded investors of some $600,000. Indictments have been found against Steinhardt and simultaneously with the revelation of his alleged defalcations it was discovered that he had been appointed receiver in a number of bankruptcy cases. In assigning a trust company as bankruptcy receiver the New York judges are following precedents established in Chicago and Detroit.

Attorneys, accustomed to lucrative receivership fees, will protest of course. It is held, however, that management by the Trust Company will bring efficiency and complete integrity. It will be interesting to see whether the plan to give a monopoly of these cases to one company is wise. The Federal judges make the point that a single corporation will become particularly expert in the work. It is assumed that the cost, which has always included large fees and expense accounts, will be reduced.

Meanwhile, the State Bar Association of New York has been attempting a solution of other legal evils. Its executive committee has been authorized to establish a bureau in Albany which will handle complaints of laymen and lawyers regarding the delays in the administration of law and the mal-administration of justice.

Jugoslavia's Dictator

Democracy has gone into the discard in Jugoslavia, and in another country of Europe dictatorship is the answer to a national emergency. King Alexander has abrogated the Constitution of 1921, dismissed the Parliament, and declared himself the sole source of power and law. He appoints officials and officers of the army. He has prohibited revolutionary and extreme nationalistic parties, suppressed freedom of publication and comment on governmental policies and abolished all local elective and self-governing bodies. He has appointed a new Cabinet, with General Zivkovitch as Premier and Minister of Interior, which is responsible to him alone.

In theory the Jugoslav dictatorship is temporary. It was decided upon as a final means of holding together the quarreling groups of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The Serbs naturally regard themselves as the dominant element. The Croats, and to a lesser extent the Slovenes, fear a too great ascendancy of the Serbs and desire autonomy. The result has been a series of parliamentary and political controversies, culminating in the assassination of the Croatian leader, Stepan Raditch, in the Parliament. Since then the separatist movement in Croatia has definitely menaced the unity of the country.

No politician could have satisfied all parts of the country and held them together. King Alexander, by appealing to them as the sovereign, has forestalled possible attempts by one political faction on another to take control of the situation, which would have undermined the position of the King and thrown the country into greater confusion. Dictatorship is his proof of a determination to hold all his people together, his answer to Mussolini who in Albania and elsewhere has been trying to weaken the position of Jugoslavia. It is also his way of keeping open the possibility of a return to representative government, which he favors.

Whether the country will actually return to parliamentary government and when, would be impossible to forecast. But it is significant that since the War the drift in most of the Latin and Slavic countries that have tried democracy is toward dictatorship.

Remarkable Remarks

I did not even consider myself. All my anxieties were naturally for my companions.—General Nobile.

Oaths are the prerogatives of men. Tweet-tweets and women have no business to use them and weaken them and make them innocuous and pretty-pretty.—St. John Ervine.

When a man is a son of God and lives as something else the results are terrific. — Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Marriage is a normal development of life.—Helen Wills.

A woman is what the bee lights on. She gets stung. — Clarence Budington Kelland.

Life is just one goat-getting process after another.—Elsie Robinson.

In my next life I will make marriage my hobby. And believe me, from all I read and hear it will be something to look forward to. — Mary Garden.

The greatest "boobs" I know are on Broadway.—Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Lorelei Lee and her flip companions are dead and buried. I've put my pen aside permanently.—Anita Loos.

The U. S. never lost a war or won a conference.—Will Rogers.

A General Deposed

Is the Salvation Army to become democratic? That seems to be the question that rises out of the demand of the Army's High Council that the old and ailing Commander in Chief, General Bramwell Booth, retire and its subsequent action in removing him.

Ever since its beginnings, the Salvation Army has been governed by an autocracy. William Booth, its founder, brooked no rival. His eldest son, the deposed Commander, has maintained the autocratic tradition. The Booth dynasty has ruled continuously for over fifty years. The Booth family, whose members have been in high command, has not always been united in support of the supreme authority. It was a son of the founder who withdrew to found the Volunteers of America. And it is a Booth, Commander Evangeline Booth, head of the Army in America, who has been a leader in revolt against her brother.

It is in accord with a legal agreement adopted when the founder was still alive that the High Council, assembled at Sunbury-on-Thames, England, has declared the Commander in Chief unfit to rule.

The House Revises Itself

If the Fenn Reapportionment Bill, which has passed the House, passes the Senate before March 4, the House of Representatives will become again and —what is more—will remain a Constitutional body.

This is the result of a demand, growing stronger during nearly eight years, that Congress carry out the main purpose of the Federal census according to the Constitution and revise itself.

How great a fight has been won is revealed in the provision in the bill for automatic reassignment of seats by the Department of Commerce if Congress should fail after any census to obey its own law. This provision reflects Congress's own distrust of itself; it also tends to make the decennial revision painless. Naturally the votes against the bill came mostly from States that will suffer loss in the redistricting made

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Underwood

UNITED SCANDINAVIA

Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, whose engagement to Princess Martha of Sweden has been announced

necessary by shifts of population since 1910.

The new alignment in the House shows the drift to the cities since the existing apportionment was made. Los Angeles and Detroit alone gain approximately ten members between them. There was an unsuccessful attempt to precipitate a controversy between urban and rural elements, wets and drys, farmers and industrialists, and other elements represented by the country on the one hand and the cities on the other. The surprising feature of this phase of the debate was its failure to arouse any general animosity, even though it came only a few months after a bitter Presidential contest that found many of those groups arrayed in what then seemed like a death struggle for preservation of two kinds of American life.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the Fenn Bill is that it fixes for many years to come, if not for all time, the membership of the House at its present figure—435.

▸▸*Final Deal on War Damages*

QUITE IN KEEPING with our cautious and somewhat aloof attitude on all foreign questions is the preparation we are making to aid Europe in the economic field. Four eminent Americans, J. P. Morgan and Owen D. Young acting as principals and Thomas W. Lamont and Thomas Nelson Perkins as alternates, will co-operate with influential experts from all interested countries in solving the reparations problem; but they will act in an entirely "unofficial" capacity. Although the United States Government suggested their names and then approved their selection, it does not admit publicly that it had any part in the choosing.

Equally cautious is our Government n preserving the theory that reparations are entirely dissociated from war debts; but the meeting of the experts would be jeopardized before it began if the Administration were even implicitly to suggest that this Government should collect its debts only in proportion to the reparations collected from Germany.

The Commission, starting at work in the Bank of France on February 9, will undertake to work out a program that will either fix the total sum of reparations or set a limited term of years for German payments.

Industry in Germany has been stabilized under the Dawes Plan, says a report of the official Statistical Bureau in Berlin, with all but two branches of enterprise showing profits. Though the German Minister of Finance has issued a warning that the Government is financially embarrassed, the country has little cause to fear a business slump. Conditions are thus auspicious for a consideration of the new plan.

According to the European Section of the United States Department of Commerce, general financial conditions in Europe also show improvement, and the former violent fluctuations in currencies have been definitely eliminated.

The ability of the United States to aid in financing the settlement of German obligations is shown by the fact that foreign loans and security issues sold in the United States in 1928 amounted to $1,426,487,580, and that of European borrowings Germany took about $290,000,000, or about forty-five per cent.

There have been subdued mutterings that there was danger that the American investor and Uncle Sam might be left "holding the bag." Owen D. Young, however, has announced that the American representatives would take no steps toward the flotation of a German loan in this country or the commercialization of German bonds now held by the Reparations Commission.

Taken together all the factors point to a solution of the reparations problem—the most difficult economic question with which the world has had to deal since the War—and to a new starting-point for American policies affecting peace pacts as well as cruisers. Perhaps even the twilight of isolation.

▸▸*Crime at Its Source*

INSTEAD of punishing criminals after they have been allowed to become criminals, society will some day seriously undertake to prevent the creation of criminals. Those who look forward to that time have a great deal to expect from psychology. Professor Adler of Vienna, who has just arrived in this country for another visit, believes that the principle source of crime is the effort of the individual to overcome a sense of inferiority. This comes early in life and therefore should be treated in childhood.

Maladjusted children (he does not include among them either the perfectly normal child or the feeble-minded or insane), he says, fall into three classes: In the first is the child "born with imperfect organs," who because of stomach trouble, it may be, thinks of eating, or because of poor eyesight thinks of seeing to the exclusion of his social sense. In the second class is the spoiled child, and in the third is the hated or unwanted child. To overcome their defects these maladjusted children become self-assertive. "It is a desire to be a hero that is at the bottom of most criminals' minds," says Dr. Adler in an interview with the "New York Times."

Underwood

PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN

Niece of King Gustaf

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"Criminals are really afraid and are victims of the inferiority complex. They want to play with the power of life and death, to be God." Children, he said, can be saved from becoming criminals by being taught that a criminal is not a hero, but a coward.

▸▸Third Degree Again

In an address before a real estate organization in Brooklyn, New York Police Commissioner Whalen, whose furious activities have been on the front page for almost a month, is reported to have endorsed the third degree. A prisoner, he said, had been brought into police headquarters and had insisted upon his Constitutional privilege of refusing to talk. He was thereupon "deprived of most of his clothing and placed in a cold room." Mr. Whalen related with satisfaction that he soon decided that it would be more comfortable to talk and in due time three prisoners were in jail.

Mr. Whalen, if he really authorized such treatment, was obviously violating the law himself. Few people will be in sympathy with the professional criminal. Realists are aware that the police in dealing with criminals must obtain information in order that there may be convictions in the courts. But the question of the third degree is one on which most criminologists are agreed. The thug who knows that he is to be beaten or half frozen will fight his captors, and it has usually turned out that official approval of the third degree suddenly increases the death rate among policemen. Yet the question is even deeper than that. If the police department bases its work on illegal methods it sets a bad example to that section of the population which may be on the border line between honest living and the commission of crime.

▸▸Sensible Philanthropy

There have been many examples in the past of wealthy men giving money under such restrictions that in time the gift became worthless. Funds are given to orphan asylums, for instance, in communities where there are not enough orphans to be taken care of. The vast endowment behind the Seaman's Institute in New York was an example of this sort of thing; it was to be a home for sailors of the pre-steam era. After prolonged argument, the regulations were changed so that modern seamen, grown old and needing a home, could be taken care of.

Mr. Lucius N. Littauer of New York has been aware of this in giving $1,000,000 for humanitarian work. The gift, he says, is "absolute." The foundation which he has created is to use its own judgment in the future as to the manner in which the money is to be spent. He explains that the purposes are made broad in character so that the provisions of today may not prove a handicap in the future. The many needs of modern seamen are best taken care of by such wise and far-seeing gifts as that of Mr. Littauer.

▸▸Party Nutriment

One of the problems for which political parties will have to find a solution is that of financing their campaigns without scandal and the bad influence of debt. It is this problem which Alfred E. Smith put before the voters of the Democratic Party in his radio address on January 16.

The ex-Governor of New York and the recent candidate of his party for the Presidency made it clear that the party could not expect financial support without establishing its positive character and making a positive appeal. He therefore emphasized his belief that "the Democratic Party must be a progressive, vigorous, militant party, standing firmly for the rights of all people, constantly laboring for the vindication of the policies and principles underlying the establishment of our country." In the course of his radio address he said:

"When the Democratic Party finds itself facing a National Convention it begins to shop around the country for the place likely to put up the most money toward the liquidation of the deficit. More than that, it has been the custom right along to have party deficit taken care of by a comparatively small group of people and usually the small group has an interest in some particular candidate.

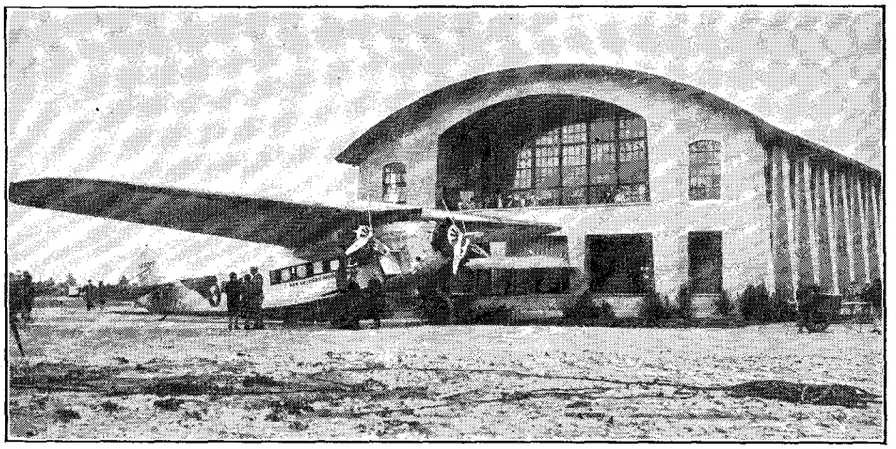
"This, I hold to be an unwholesome condition for any political party. We should not be under obligation to a few people. The party should be responsible to the rank and file, and the whole system of calling upon a few rich men to take up a party deficit is wrong. It tends to place too much power exactly where it should not be, and that is in the hands of the few."

As his contribution, Mr. Smith offered the free use by the party of the published volume of his campaign speeches for presentation to every contributor of two dollars or more. Within a few days his speech drew responses in such numbers as to swamp the small clerical force available for attending to the mails.

▸▸Insuring the Professor

The problem of salaries for professors will hardly be solved in the near future. No matter how large the endowments wrung from loyal alumni, there is never quite enough money to increase the salaries of the instructing staff to an adequate scale. Stadiums must always be built; there are innumerable other needs.

Among all the other worries that haunt the professor, and bring that abstracted and vacant air which contributes to the dullness of his lectures,



Acme

AMERICA'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL

The first plane ready to take off from the Pan-American Airport at Miami, Florida, for service between the United States, the West Indies and Nassau

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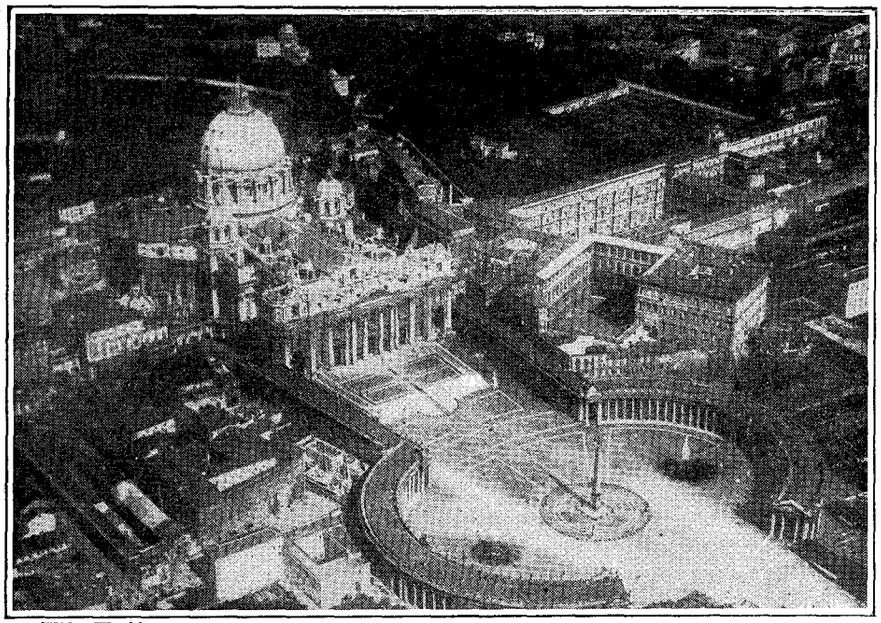

Wide World

CAPITOL OF A NEW TEMPORAL KINGDOM

St. Peter's and the Vatican, to which Mussolini will add sufficient adjoining lands in Rome to make the Pope once more a temporal sovereign

is provision for the future. President Angell of Yale has announced that part of this burden has been lifted by the institution of group insurance. The Carnegie pensions have never been too large and the new insurance arrangement will supplement them. The university is to pay the major part of the cost.

▸▸*Eastern Frontier Again*

ONE OF THE PLACES where trouble must be expected in Europe is along the border between Germany and Poland.

The peace settlement so far as this region is concerned has not promoted a disposition to peace. It not only gave Poland a large share of Silesia but established a Polish corridor which cut off the state of East Prussia from the rest of the German nation. To this arrangement Germans are not reconciled.

Now the publication in the British "Review of Reviews" of a secret memorandum of General Groener, German Minister of Defense, has caused a sensation in Europe. It reveals the fact that Germany's limited military and naval program is designed mainly to support a policy of protection against possible extension of Polish control over further territory and to insure German communication with East Prussia by the Baltic Sea in the event of war. This means two things—a German fleet larger than the Polish fleet and a marine force sufficient to command the passage from the North Sea into the Baltic Sea and so cut off any aid from Poland's ally France. How the document got into the hands of the editor of the Review of Reviews, Wickham Steed, is still a mystery. Only twenty-four copies of it were made. The trusted officials, for whose information it was distributed, are now being called to account for their use of the memorandum.

Poland's attitude toward Germany, Foreign Minister Zaleski has declared in an interview, is one of distrust but not of hatred. Intensive German propaganda for the revision of the eastern frontiers, however, is rendering a working agreement and the stabilization of European relations extremely difficult. There has been urged in the League of Nations a proposal for the modification of the frontiers by pacific means; but Zaleski has rejected the idea. The greatest strain which the conflicting forces of life in Europe put upon the new structure of peace is in this northern region; and it is there that one of the tests of the Briand-Kellogg Pact of Paris renouncing war is likely to come.

▸▸*Rice at Weddings*

THOSE WHO ATTEND weddings have always been divided into two factions; one, consisting of the bride and groom, has been inclined to resent the barrage of rice and old shoes tossed by the guests, the other, consisting of the spectators who are inclined to view all weddings as humorous, has insisted on throwing everything in sight. It now appears that the Reverend Walter J. Lee of the St. Francis De Sales Church of Geneva, New York, will no longer permit rowdyism at the weddings in his church. No more rice will be thrown and no more shoes. A wedding is henceforward to have an element of dignity.

▸▸*Book Ballyhoo*

A YEAR OR SO AGO, on the shelves of the book department in a drug store, appeared a novel entitled, "The Tale of Two Cities." It was, said an announcement on the jacket, "based from the motion picture of the same name." Mr. Dickens did not seem to enter into the case at all. It was an example of modern ballyhoo methods in selling books. Various other examples can be seen almost daily. One large publisher, for instance, has persuaded society women to endorse his list. Beautiful ladies are photographed holding one of his spring offerings and swearing in advertisements that they read these books before all others. Now another company announces that the lady star of a motion picture, based on a world famous classic, will autograph copies of the book at a well known shop. The author happens to be dead and so he is fortunately spared this assistance from the screen. But his heirs will doubtless be grateful, for vastly more copies will be sold than had the author been present to furnish his own less thrilling autograph.

▸▸*We Become Sea-minded*

AMERICA is becoming sea-minded. Within the next few years we may see not only the Government fighting to give our merchant marine a place in the sun, but American bankers and shippers cooperating in building vessels to carry American goods over the seven seas in American bottoms. This is indicated by recent events.

First, there was the White merchant marine bill which passed Congress last May, authorizing the Post Office Department to let long-term mail contracts upon a profitable basis to American companies, with the condition that the companies so honored build at least one vessel for each contract within three years. Second, was the loan of the President Roosevelt by the Shipping Board to the Ward Line a few weeks

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ago to compete with the Cunarder Caronia on the New York-Havana run. Third, was the order diverting 3,000 bags of European mail, originally consigned to the Cunarder Berengaria, to the White Star liner Baltic. Fourth, is the announcement of bids for the eleven liners, including the giant Leviathan, now operated by the United States Shipping Board. The highest bid, made by P. W. Chapman & Company, brokers of New York and Chicago, offered $16,082,000. In a statement accompanying the bid, Mr. Chapman assured the Government that he would build two more ships of the size and speed of the Leviathan, if his figure was accepted.

Yes, apparently, land-lubber America is going to sea once more. After seventy years of internal expansion, the Nation is beginning to realize that future expansion must be over the ocean trade routes of the world.

▶▶*A Gesture Toward Union*

In the Presbyterian Church the New York Presbytery is well in the van of progress. It can be counted on generally to help promote forward movements in the church. It acted therefore in character when it adopted last week a resolution responding favorably to the overtures of the Episcopal and Methodist churches for common consideration or organic unity.

No one expects these three denominations to surrender their respective traditions and organic forms. In particular the Anglo-Catholic party in the Episcopal Church would not think of any form of organic union which did not incorporate the apostolic succession of the historic episcopate. The difficulties in the way therefore are considerable and obvious.

What is significant about this movement of the New York Presbytery is that it is a cordial acceptance of the idea of unity and thus opens the opportunity to the other bodies to make their ideas more definitely known. Moreover the action of the Presbytery has evidently stimulated the committee on the subject of the Presbyterian General Assembly to motion. The Liberal Churchmen's Association, an Episcopal organization, has invited Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, Presbyterian, and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Congregationalist, to address them at their Philadelphia meeting which takes place at about the time this issue of the Outlook and Independent appears.

Back Stage in Washington

We have watched many administrations come and go, but we cannot recall a pre-inaugural period in which there has been such an atmosphere of uneasiness and uncertainty as prevails here today. We cannot attribute this unsettled state of mind to any definite cause unless it be that Mr. Hoover is a variation from the Presidential norm, and utterly unlike his recent predecessors. As March 4 approaches, the many unselfish groups for whom the White House is the center of the universe are beginning to ask what transformation the Presidency will work in Hoover. It is a question of concern to the country as well as the party camp followers. It made an autocrat of a Princeton professor, it touched a weak Ohio Senator with tragedy. It raised a New England politician to the stature of a National myth. In Hoover we discern so many conflicting potentialities, some fine, others not so good, that we wonder . . . .

We note traces of bewilderment on the faces of members of Congress, Republican politicians from the backwoods, friends and enemies of the President-elect and the 300-odd men who make up the Washington corps of correspondents. We find the same spirit of disquiet among agents of the big business interests prowling around the capital and Congressional corridors in an attempt to pick up prophetic hints of what is to come. Their employers fought Hoover to the hour he was nominated and, as a result, do not share his confidence. We consider it quite amazing, and highly creditable to Hoover, that there has been no parade of Wall Street boys through his conference chambers since his election. We except the ever-present Mr. Mellon, who, we are assured, is to remain as Secretary of the Treasury to serve as an anchor to windward for the New York crowd in the next ship of state.

Perhaps the most puzzled faces among us are those of Calvin Coolidge's personal and official family. Each one, we are told, is praying that Hoover will keep him on. We doubt if ever there has been so marked a love of Washington's climate in an outgoing Administration. We understand that every member except Attorney-General Sargent and Secretary Kellogg would leap at the opportunity to linger for a while.

Of course, members of the Coolidge circle know, or ought to, that Hoover's policies will not be Coolidge's. The Coolidge-Hoover slogan helped in winning the nomination and election, but nobody here believes it will hang over the White House fireplace as the Presidential motto after March 4. The two were never close pals, and Calvin did not lift a finger to aid his Cabinet member in obtaining the nomination. Those of us who know the two men predict that almost every sign of the New Englander's influence will have been erased a year hence. We realize that the press lately carried word that one of Hoover's visits to the White House during his stay in Washington was for the purpose of insuring "continuity of relations." Unfortunately, that ornamental and oracular explanation fell from the lips of one of Mr. Hoover's press agents in answer to queries from correspondents who sought the reason for the unscheduled conference.

So we do not expect to see many Coolidge admirers remain on. Hoover, we learn, wants men of his own selection and, with a few exceptions, his Cabinet will consist of agents rather than executives, in our opinion. To use the phrase frequently heard here in discussion of this question, the type Hoover will want will be "yes" men. That will be as natural for a man of Hoover's restless and directing energy as it was for poor Harding to feel the need of strong figures around his Cabinet board. This, of course, is no reflection on the President-elect, for all

Marcus in the New York Times

Congress: "Gosh! The whispering campaign is still on!"

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our really great Chief Executives except Washington have preferred mediocrities to Bismarckian figures.

The correspondents think they have even more definite reasons for anticipating troublous days. They recall that Hoover was the most successful headline seeker of three Administrations, only to become a Coolidge-like sphinx during the campaign. Some of them suffered from the censorship established on the battleships that carried Hoover on his South American trip, and even those who did not fear they may have to submit to similar practices some day. Already the cry among many correspondents is: "Don't let the next President become a myth as Coolidge did and prevent the writing of honest and realistic stories out of Washington!" If the necessity for re-establishing their status as truthful reporters should develop in the next Administration, we predict that the fur will fly. But we think the American public is weary of myths and hope that Hoover agrees with us.

We hesitate, it must be obvious from the above to venture a prediction concerning anything which may happen in the blessed era of Herbert Hoover, but we fancy there will be more moralizing around Washington than the President-elect likes to think about. It is already in the air. The reformers are feeling their Presidential oats. They scent a millennium as March 4 approaches. If the imperturbable Mr. Hoover does not realize by now that he was elected solely through the votes of the enemies of alcohol, nicotine, Sunday sports, rolled stockings and similar familiar but iniquitous appurtenances of the human race, he is the only one who doesn't. It has been dinned into our ears from one end of the capital to the other since November 6. We fear the next President will be presented with a heavy bill for the support he sought and got—from all the elements which devote their joyless lives to saving the rest of us from eternal damnation.

So threatens Clarence True Wilson, LL.D., who speaks for the Methodist Episcopal Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and with him sides his faithful assistant, Deets Pickett. Though Messrs. F. Scott McBride, Edward B. Dunford and Ernest H. Cherrington, who now divide the duties performed by the late Wayne B. Wheeler, deprecate Dr. Wilson's assumption of the leading rôle in the heavenly choir, they quite agree with his general idea. Everywhere we go among the hosts of righteousness we hear the same tune, and to it the Presidential neophyte must dance or suffer the consequences. They are not a bashful lot, these reformers.

It is not alone the drys who mean to come down hard on the first President they believe to be their batsman. Across the Potomac in Virginia, that ancient birthplace of democracy and tolerance and revolt, they are stopping cock fights and prize fights and dog fights in Hoover's name. One indignant law enforcer recently importuned a group assembled around the fistic ring in a raided clubhouse to tell him if they "had not heard that Herbert Hoover had been elected President and these things couldn't go on any more." (What an unkind reflection on the puritanical Calvin!)

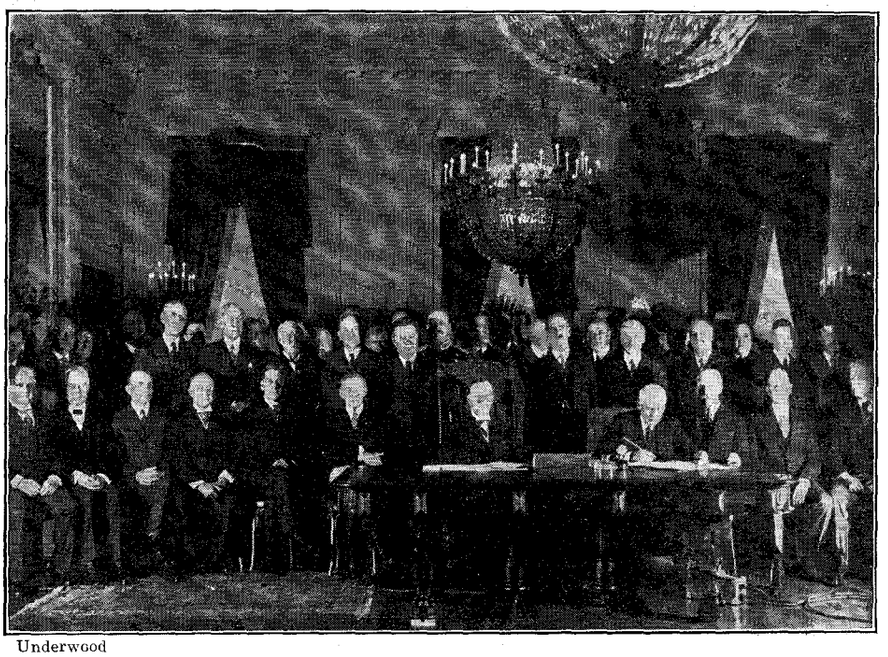
But what the drys say, in private, of Coolidge's indifference to the enforcement problem and the "experiment noble in motive" is scarcely printable. How, they ask, can one expect sincere enforcement when the chief officer is an ex-distiller! We hope they do not mean Mr. Mellon, and we wonder what they think of the report that he will do business at the old stand under Hoover. Waiving this trifling point, however, the Anti-Salooners insist that Hoover must furnish more money to the dry army and navy, and see that none but high-minded Americans and true believers in "the" law are placed on guard.

These things do not worry Dr. Wilson, for he is not the worrying kind. In fact, this would be the best of all prohibition countries were it not that the judges in the Durant contest saw no merit in the prohibition plans submitted by the elderly doctor and his young helper. We know there has been sharp criticism of these two unworldly churchmen for their willingness to pick up $25,000 in cash by capitalizing their anointed profession, but we cannot see why a sense of delicacy should keep them from giving to the world their inspired thoughts on this great subject. Anyway, it didn't.

It seems a shame that the prize had to go to Chester P. Mills, who had once been a mere hireling in Uncle Sam's dry army and therefore, in Dr. Wilson's opinion, one of his own vassals. But we understand the doctor finds some solace from his conviction that the judges were pretty dumb.

They should have known, he assures his visitors, that the winner's proposals were "old stuff." But what, he asks, could one expect of judges so ordinary as Senators Borah and Glass and Miss Jane Addams! Had Durant asked him to name the judges, he would have proposed people like Assistant Pickett, Prohibition Commissioner Doran—another close friend—and a few dependable ministers, preferably of the Methodist Episcopal denomination.

Washington, D. C. A.F.C.



Underwood

OUTLAWING WAR

President Coolidge and Secretary of State Kellogg sign the Kellogg Treaty in the historic East Room of the White House

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A Battle of Titans

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE CONTROVERSY between John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, aside from the natural interest aroused by any struggle of titans, is attracting the attention of millions by the fight for votes of some 58,000 shareholders of the company. The contest between the two for proxies is the most dramatic of many years.

Last May the junior Rockefeller demanded the resignation of Colonel Stewart as a result of the latter's testimony before the Senate committee investigating the Continental Trading Company's possible connection with the Teapot Dome oil scandal. Mr. Rockefeller acted only as a stockholder at that time, and the fight was not carried to the other shareholders. Colonel Stewart refused to resign. Although Colonel Stewart was acquitted of contempt of the Senate and of perjury, Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., recently showed his intention to force the issue at the meeting of shareholders on March 7 in Whiting, Indiana. Concentrated efforts are being directed now by both factions to corral enough votes to swing the election at the meeting.

Standard Oil of Indiana has some 9,231,000 shares of capital stock, each share carrying a vote. Of the 58,000 stockholders of record, brokers and banks account for a large number, and the shares held by these houses represent many more thousands of individuals who maintain a trading position or for some other reason do not have the shares transferred to their own names.

These institutions are among the stockholders being actively solicited for proxies, delegating their votes to representatives of Colonel Stewart or Mr. Rockefeller. The fairness of the election will be considerably fortified by a ruling of the New York Stock Exchange first laid down about a year ago, and reiterated this year. The rule, prompted by complaints of the voting of shares of Interborough Rapid Transit stock by brokers without the consent of customers, requires member firms of the Exchange now to secure this assent for proxies. Verbal instructions are sufficient, but without these, the firms are forbidden to surrender proxies.

One of the most notable of recent proxy fights was that which took place a year ago, between the Delaware & Hudson Company and the management of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The D. & H. campaigned up to the last hour for sufficient proxies to show that, with their own holdings of Lehigh, they controlled the latter. It was merely a test of strength in the Eastern merger fight, with no attempt to oust the management. The D. & H. lost.

The Indiana fight is no mere demonstration of strength. It is as much in earnest as the terrific struggle between Harriman and Hill, early in the century, for control of the Northern Pacific Railway. These two railroaders carried their ambitions into the stock market. The result was the historic Northern Pacific corner that sent the shares skyrocketing for a few feverish hours.

The anticipation of some such maneuver, on a smaller scale, in Standard Oil of Indiana, was responsible for a fast move in the stock on the Curb Market a few days after the line of battle had been drawn. Wall Street was full of rumors that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., sojourning abroad, had filed orders to buy the stock "at the market." Whether this was a cause, or only an accompanying effect of a pool operation, the shares displayed great activity, turning over in a volume of close to 100,000 shares a day with a rise of a few points that was subsequently wiped out. The forces are probably so closely matched that a few thousand shares would be sufficient to turn the tide one way or another.

IN A CLOSE ELECTION like this, it is the late voters that swing the club. The voting is not concluded with the mailing of a single request by each side for proxies. The proxy of latest date is the valid one. To the party that mails the final request and submits the most valid argument a great many votes will go, although of course there are large blocks of stock friendly to either side that cannot be swayed. The creation of public sentiment is playing a big part in the campaign, for a public campaign it is. Colonel Stewart has dropped the distaste for newspapermen and publicity that he displayed so positively last year when he was under fire by both the Senate and Mr. Rockefeller, Jr. His efforts seem plainly to be directed toward creating a favorable popular impression, a feeling that he is the under dog but entitled to all consideration.

For example, concerning reports that John D. Rockefeller, Sr., was behind John D., Jr., Colonel Stewart pointed out that he had served the elder Rockefeller as a faithful lieutenant for twenty-five years, and he refused to credit the reports. Whether the appeal to sympathy will have more effect than in the last National election may be disclosed on March 7, although a great deal more than support of scattered private stockholders will be needed to settle the dispute.

DESERTION of John D., Jr., by his father is generally regarded by their associates as incredible. That the elder magnate has taken no part in the public utterance of war cries and recriminations is not surprising. His son was introduced to big business with an almost complete absence of tutoring or restrictions from the father. He was allowed to learn by the method of trial and error, and after errors he was supported by his father in retracing his steps. A rift between the two men now would be at least a seven-day sensation.

At least fifteen per cent of the Indiana stock is owned by the Rockefeller family and their interests. Early last year John D., Jr., disclosed that he owned 402,280 shares, the Rockefeller Foundation 460,760, and the University of Chicago 30,000 shares, and approximately 500,000 shares are held by the Equitable Trust Company of New York in trusts set up by his father for two sisters of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr. The total was close to 1,400,000 shares.

Against this strength, Colonel Stewart may be able to muster most of the 535,000 shares held by employees of the company, a block larger than that of any individual. The Colonel is the boss, and the human course will be to vote for the boss. In addition, he is backed by the president, Edward G. Seubert, and the entire board of directors, and their letter to stockholders, affirming a belief in the Colonel's integrity and his value to the company, will undoubtedly carry much weight.

A large part of the world will be waiting for the news from Whiting on the day the final ballot is counted.

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Henry Arthur Jones: A Tribute

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

OUR RADIO tells us that we must regard the Gay Nineties as an antediluvian age. It tells us that we have made greater strides in morals and manners since then, than we did in all the years that intervened between the Age of Goldsmith and the Victorian Era. Those writers who were bold and vigorous in 1890 are now past the allotted three-score years and ten. They are the old generation. Especially in the theatre is it true that they have passed completely. They are dated. Even the revolutionist of the present smiles complacently at Ibsen, who used to shock the drawing-rooms of London when Henry Arthur Jones and Arthur Pinero were young, and calls him outmoded in much of his social doctrine.

Germany finds the nineties just as historically behind the times. Wedekind, Strindberg and Schnitzler, from the wild position of their unsettled meanderings, looked back on Hermann Sudermann and Gerhart Hauptmann as old-fashioned in their morality, however much "Magda" thrilled audiences of the nineties as a "bold" play, and Hauptmann's "The Weavers" gave an unaccustomed touch of realism to the native drama.

The past few months have witnessed the death of Sudermann and Henry Arthur Jones. At the close of their careers they were both able to see themselves historically placed in the development of the modern drama. But whereas Jones laid down his dramatic pen because of ill-health, to the very last he exercised his critical faculty in his burning desire to have England, as a nation of theatregoers, support the highest theatre and the profoundest art. When his will was opened, there was found a last word to the public that he did so much to amuse in the highest sense, that he tried so unflaggingly to train in taste. They gave him success when he appealed to them for popular success. "But," Mr. Jones says, "on several occasions, when I have felt encouraged to offer the public my best work, regardless of popular success, I have been so unfortunate as to meet condemnation alike by the press and the public." His endeavors for a lifetime of work in the theatre were centered on pleading with the English man of letters to come into the theatre—a desire in which he largely failed; and on advising the playgoer to read and study the best plays—a desire in which he met with success. Now that he is gone from us, he is loath that his voice be stilled. "It is with some hope that the causes I have advocated may yet succeed," he writes in his will, "that I ask English men of letters and English playgoers to accept from me, in a spirit of forbearance and friendship, this legacy of a last few years."

He has left more than this as his legacy to both England and America.

ONE can only understand the far-reaching importance of Jones in the English theatre when one realizes the barren wastes of the theatre at the moment when he "arrived." Only Tom Robertson, whose "Caste" may at least be known by name to the extreme younger generation, gave a semblance of common experience to the drama of that era. He created a school of playwriting — away from the romantic sentimentalism of Sheridan Knowles and Bulwer Lytton—of which H. J. Byron was a product, and whose influence can be detected both in Jones and Pinero; he established on the London stage a school of natural acting, typified in the brilliant successes of Squire and Marie Bancroft. Progress in the British theatre had to creep in through disguise. The various little theatre movements of France and Germany and England, the Free Stages and Stage Societies that escaped the weighty hand of censorship by the legal fact that they were clubs, not the general public, were the havens through which seeped into public consciousness the strength of the new drama. Ibsen, Shaw, Maeterlinck —all knocked at this back door.

Toward the opening of this door, Henry Arthur Jones prepared a great deal of the way. He made compromises. He wrote "The Silver King" definitely for the money in it. He took a German translation of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and for British consumption, converted it into "Breaking a Butterfly." "God forgive me my sin," he once said to me. "Yet my extenuation is that no one who did not go through it, can realize exactly how stagnant the British theatre was at this time." He fought insistently for its liberation.

No doors could be closed against the modern spirit. No prejudice could withstand the insistence on facing fearlessly the facts of modern life. Because of the Ibsen virus which immediately took effect in the system of Hauptmann and Sudermann in Germany; and of Jones and Pinero in England, we got such women heroines as are to be found in Jones's "Michael and his Lost Angel" and "Mrs. Dane's Defense" and in Sudermann's "Magda" and "The Joy of Living." Pinero was wedded to two schools: he came out of the tradition of Robertson and he caught a fictitious courage from Ibsen in his "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith."

Realizing all the fascination Pinero has had for me through his power of telling a good story—seen to excellent advantage in "The Thunderbolt," "Mid-Channel," "His House in Order" and "The Gay Lord Quex," I place Henry Arthur Jones higher in the scale of sound workmanship, poetic fervor and a sincere criticism of life as he saw it in his day and generation.

REVIEWING his work for the English theatre—and since the London stage of his day was wedded closely to the stage of New York through the indefatigable showmanship of Charles Frohman—for the American theatre as well, one must unreservedly praise Henry Arthur Jones for his unremitting highmindedness. He always did an honest job, whether he failed of accomplishment or not. He had his dislikes and his prejudices; he deprecated the looseness of the Restoration drama, he scorned the naturalism of the Zola school, he fought patriotically against the spirit of socialism which he did not clearly separate from Bolshevism. But though he handled suspiciously the advocates of realism, he chanted the faith of reality at the center of all life and tried to suggest it in his plays.

Pinero was content to write his plays in almost yearly succession, without uttering one word regarding the means of his technique or the state of the English soul which retarded the healthy growth of the theatre. Henry Arthur Jones produced play after play, but did

(Please Turn to Page 197)

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Scandinavia's Speed Mission

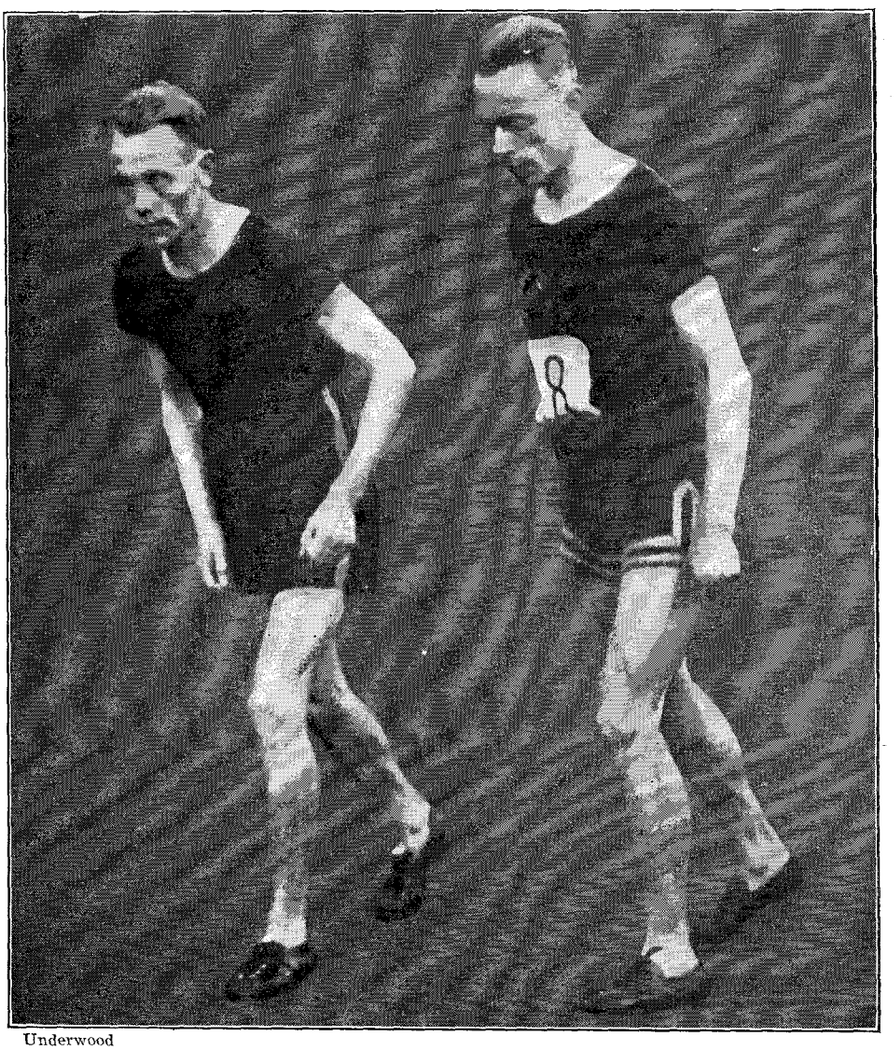
By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

PAAVO NURMI of Finland and Edvin Wide of Sweden are with us for the indoor track season once more. They are old friends and old favorites, but it is likely that their campaigns this time will differ considerably in plan, since the Finn is admittedly out for more records and Wide has announced that his own running will be subsidiary to his government mission as a student of the American school system. So we shall hear and see a great deal more of the artisan from Abo than the school teacher from Stockholm. Yet there is a rivalry of such long standing between them, rooted as it is in nationalism, that they will certainly come together on an American board track. It took years of persistent effort and pursuit for the Swede to catch up with and finally pass the Finn, only to be repassed in the latest Olympics at Amsterdam. There is no doubt that it will take more than the events in Holland to convince Wide of his permanent inferiority.

Just what this country can do in the way of meeting this invasion is a problem, with the solution not in sight. Joie Ray has turned professional, and with the possible exception of Leo Lermond, there seems to be no American runner on the horizon who can hope to make anything like a showing against these two machine-like runners, at any distance above the mile, which is probably the shortest the two will undertake. Both men have been exceedingly cautious this time to avoid any appearance of barnstorming for a price, and have been guaranteed amateurs by their own countries and by the Amateur Athletic Union of this country. With prior experience as a guide, neither is likely to run into troubles such as beset the Finn on his last appearance, or Charlie Hoff of Norway. They are now, as a result of their registration, beyond the control of the foreign relations committee of the A.A.U., and what running they do will be undertaken as bona fide members of American organizations.

Granting these runners a fairly clean if perhaps not an entirely clean sweep of American board tracks, the principal interest in their performances will be a study of their styles in action. Both undoubtedly have something to teach us, if we will only learn. We have been slow to learn so far for the simple reason that for so long a time there was a wholly unjustified feeling that we knew all there was to be known about the scientific side of running. Well do I remember the comment of American coaches back in the days of the Olympics at Antwerp when Nurmi and others of the Scandinavians were raising so much havoc in the distance events, all the way up to and including the Marathon. Our coaches had already had a taste of what was to come as a result of previous experiences with the Kolehmainens, but still apparently were not convinced. So when a string of Scandinavian victories began to come along with great regularity there should have been little reason for surprise. However, one of the best of our coaches, watching the Swedish stars, remarked: "What is the matter with Ernie Hjertberg (who had been coaching in Sweden)? These men of his are dead from the waist up. They do not fight their way with their arms."

True enough, this comment, but the Scandinavians had learned a better method. They had substituted for the old theory that a distance man was as good as his legs the idea that a distance man was as good as his "engine room," in other words his heart and lungs. The widely held and fairly rigid arms of these runners opened out the chest and gave the heart and lungs all the room they need in which to work. It



Underwood

THE SPEED MISSION PREPARES TO TAKE OFF
Paavo Nurmi and Edvin Wide, fastest humans over long distances, at Pershing Stadium

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seemed a better plan to push along with the legs under well-regulated power, than to claw along with the arms with the power partly shut down owing to the swinging arms across the chest. Not that the Northmen had neglected their legs by any means. They had a better leg, and above all a better hip action, than any American distance man since perhaps the days of George Bonhag.

There have been exceptions to this procedure, to be sure. When Wide first came here he was criticized by the hasty for apparently shortening his stride and pounding along with the front leg. As a matter of fact he was saving his energy. He ran, much as does Nurmi, with the upper leg, and a considerable hip motion that helped pull him along until such time as he elected to settle down and stretch out, using push with back leg as well as pull with the front leg. This lengthening out and settling to the track usually resulted, even on the many-lap tracks of the indoor arenas, in a sustained spurt that no American runner could match.

Perhaps the best description of the Scandinavian style of running was that given me by John Magee, one of the Olympic coaches, and athletic director at Bowdoin College. "You've watched a trotter, haven't you?" he asked. "And you've watched a pacer. Well, the stride of these men is something of a cross between the two. You have noticed of course that the chest is open. Well, the human engine is working at its best, driving along the body by the use of the powerful muscles of the upper leg."

Yet with the Scandinavian victories piling up, and with their style of running on exhibition for years, little progress was made in developing a true copyist. Perhaps the nearest to it was the style of Tibbetts of Harvard, a few years ago, but of course Tibbetts did not have the years of running, the actual mileage, behind him that Nurmi and Wide had. Memory harks back to early days of Jack Moakley at Cornell, when this able little coach was planting cross-country running at Ithaca. Needless to say, it was before the days of the automobile. His first notable development was Warren Schutt, a bigger man physically than either Nurmi or Wide. Schutt, like the Northmen walked or ran, usually ran, whither he wanted to go. It was three miles from the farm to the college on the hill, an afternoon session cross-country or on the track, and three miles home to dinner and the chores. To such a man Moakley could teach a style that was a real distance-eater.

So if American boys are to learn anything from the Finn and the Swede they must also be willing to learn something from the experience of Warren Schutt. It is something on the lines of the experience of the man who bet he could drink a pail of—oh yes, beer—at a single draught, and then excused himself for a moment. When he returned he promptly won his bet. "How," he was asked, "did you drink that much beer?" "Oh," was the prompt reply, "I just stepped outside and did it." That is the way an athlete learns to run a mile, or two miles, or ten miles, or twenty-five miles.

YALE is building another indoor polo team which, while it may not match the remarkable trio of last season, will put on sound and fiery play for the blue. The Elis proved that in their

Price

GEORGE W. YOUNG, JR.
A formidable No. 2 on the Squadron team

first appearance in New York. It is true they were beaten in the final period by a single goal by the best trio Squadron A has turned out so far, made up of Captain Matthews, William Jackson, the old Princeton captain, and Fritz Vietor, who has not often tried the No. 3 position. He played it on this occasion, however, as if he had been born to it.

It was to be expected of course that the Elis would come perfectly mounted, that they would be letter perfect in stick work and that they would have a thorough understanding of combination play. Folger, Ferguson and Rathbone, the last named with the background of a fine polo family to set him off and the added background of play on the old Aiken team, whence come so many youngsters to the forward ranks, had all these necessary points, but the team was against stiff opposition and the men did not get under way as quickly as they might have. However, they were beaten on their own merits. The point is that although it is only a first-year team, it showed the results of the Yale system to perfection, better, indeed, for the student of the game, than would a group of stars.

Especially promising, to my way of thinking, is Ferguson, the Yale No. 2. Here is a young man who is already a very fine horseman, has a nice long reach, and makes his shots with equal facility all around his mount. There are times when he lies out over that mount much in the manner of Winston Guest. He is not as big as Guest, but big enough.

There seems to be just one trouble with the Allenhurst team, one of the season's promising contenders, and that is that it seldom gets the same three players together. Hence a defeat on "Yale night" by a Squadron trio composed of E. S. Nichols, George W. Young, and T. M. Bancroft. The game marked the advent in the Squadron armory of Jack Henley, the smallest polo player in captivity. It so happened that upon this occasion the cavalrymen were able to keep him in closer captivity throughout the evening than he has been accustomed to. One of the finest of all the horsemen, he was not quite up to his usual mark in stroke making.

On the same night the indoor season was opened at New Haven with a victory for Yale's Junior Varsity over a Squadron team made up of Fitzgibbon, Graham and Klausner. There was a Baldwin on the Yale team, as there seems likely to be until the end of time. But it was S. Prentice Porter, the Eli No. 2 who did the most damage. Here already is Yale building up a reserve of players that keeps the system running smoothly. Princeton we have already heard from, and know to be good, and Harvard is about due to show something. Pennsylvania Military College may be depended upon to make the best use of its veterans, and there is promise of a first-class team at West Point. It begins to look like a tight race.

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The Movies

"The Case of Lena Smith"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

A PEASANT GIRL, whose first name was Lena and whose last name was unpronounceable, went to Vienna for an innocent lark. Unfortunately for all concerned the lark ended in a clandestine love affair with a young officer who was willing to proceed to the lengths of a secret marriage in order to gain his ends, and, later, even to find a place for his bride as servant in his father's house.

But beyond that the Herr Offizier didn't care to go. The idea of acknowledging to the world that Lena was his wife naturally never entered his well-born head; and as for providing for or recognizing their child—that was *far* too much to ask!

So Lena waited at table, cooked, washed and scrubbed for a family of in-laws who suspected nothing of her claim upon them and who would have perished of sheer degradation if they had found out. About the only relaxation Lena had was in an occasional secret visit to her small son, who was lodged with a friend near-by. It all suited her perfectly, for it was as much as Lena had come to expect of life. But contentment, however scant and hard-won, makes the gods jealous and, when the gods have it in for any one, their jealousy makes them all the harder to get along with. They decreed that Lena should be declared an immoral woman and her child discovered and removed to an institution. Lena herself was enshrined in the public records as "Lena Smith" because of her overlong surname.

Now, as long as the world had let Lena Smith's baby alone, Lena Smith had been docile; but when it was taken away from her she was goaded beyond endurance. She even threatened her husband with exposure—an unheard of measure when one is only a peasant girl and one's no-matter-how-awful mate is an Austrian army officer. The gods were by now positively outraged. They demonstrated to Lena Smith that their previous handling of her case had been only a sample of what they could do when they put their minds to it. Stolidly, Lena Smith fought back, and succeeded in proving that one can make the gods backwater, occasionally.

Of the several extraordinary things about "The Case of Lena Smith" the most startling is that it is played as comedy, almost throughout. Next in the way of surprises is that the blonde, sweet-faced girl who keeps you passionately attentive to the case of Lena Smith is Esther Ralston. A third jolt is supplied by the way prewar Vienna, after all its varying trials and triumphs on the screen, is here represented. And a fourth, by James Hall's acting.

All in all, "The Case of Lena Smith" is perhaps one picture in five hundred. If you miss it, that's your loss, and all you can do is wait until another picture comes along that bears the legend "Directed by Josef von Sternburg." Then, if you miss *that* one, the Paramount - Famous - Lasky Corporation ought to sue you for nonsupport.

"The Rescue"

ADMIRERS of Joseph Conrad (as some of us are not) will find his story, "The Rescue," put on the screen by Herbert Brenon in a way that loses nothing of the febrile restlessness of its original.

Ronald Colman plays Tom Lingard with such splendid seriousness that one would think this was his first big part, with his entire future career dependent on how well he did it. The balance of the cast, from Lily Damita to Duke Kahanamoku, the celebrated Hawaiian aquatician, are all imbued with the same do-or-die spirit that Mr. Brenon seems able to administer to his help (cf. "Beau Geste").

We have not heard how Ronald Colman fares in the matter of fan mail, but, in our opinion, he out-Gilberts, out-Barrymores and out-Farrells the whole bunch of them.

Regarding Fräulein Damita, we don't know just *what* to think. She is skilful, and she is seductive; of that there is no possible doubt. So well did she fit the predatory-female rôle she had to play, that one finds it hard to believe she could do any other kind. She and Mr. Colman become each other admirably, and will be seen together again, we suppose. Let us hope that next time he won't be so hard to get as he is in "The Rescue." Miss Damita snuggled, pleaded and made plain her intentions for three or four reels before he even put his arm around her. Strange fellows, these Conrad heroes.

JAMES HALL AND ESTHER RALSTON
Enlivening prewar Vienna in "The Case of Lena Smith"

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Week's Reading

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. By JOSEPH REDLICH: Macmillan. Published January 29.

READERS who were disappointed, last year, in Eugene Bagger's commonplace life of Franz Joseph, will be pleased with this biography. Joseph Redlich, writing well and with serious intentions, after exhaustive study of the political and social conditions under which the "last real emperor of Austria-Hungary" lived, has given us a book as valuable as it is interesting. The period covered by Franz Joseph's long life which began in 1830 and ended in the midst of the World War, witnessed what are perhaps the most colossal changes which history has ever compressed into one hundred years. The life of Franz Joseph was essentially tragic; not because he was called upon "to endure all that a man may, both personally and politically," but because he was by nature, by training, by intellectual determination, destined to be "in conflict with the mental and spiritual forces" of the age in which he lived. "It was his destiny to be called, on the very threshold of life, to put his own manner of thinking against almost all the great forces and movements of the Europe of his day." He was an autocrat, a believer in the divine right as well as the divine responsibility of kings. And he lived while all that he stood for was being thrown upon the scrap heap of history. His biographer is sympathetic in the best sense of the word; not an apologist, but a man able to comprehend the desires and ideals which moved his subject and capable of appreciating the tenacity and fortitude with which he moved toward the attainment and fulfillment of them. As a biography, Redlich's book is rather a historical chronicle than a psychological study, and it will not, therefore, catch the popular imagination as many current biographies do. But the reader of it will close the book not only far better informed about the state of Europe in the eighty years that it covers, but also much more disposed to look with charitable understanding upon a life entirely opposed to all our contemporary ideas, and on a stalwart champion of the old order.

After all, as Redlich says, Francis Joseph "fills the conception of a historic personality" in only a limited sense. It is the extent of his influence, the many issues which he touched in his long life, which makes his life as important as that of any monarch in Nineteenth Century Europe.

The Glory and the Parlour. By DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN: Doubleday, Doran. Published January 25.

THIS is a readable book and interesting to discuss because, although its faults are legion, it holds the attention consistently. It is both a period novel and a novel of theme. Although the story actually opens with the childhood of Nancy Hale in the seventies, there are implications of earlier periods through old Faith Peacham, Nancy's grandmother, and Margaret Hale, her mother. From Nancy's childhood, somewhere up-state, the story progresses through her school days, one wonderful year in Chicago, her college, her marriage, to the present day when her young daughter, Faith, is making her début as an authoress. The stalwart character of old Faith Peacham suggests an age more heroic than ours. She was a woman who lived by her Bible and good horse sense, who would have it that not humility, as Nancy's teacher said, but "courage is the chiefest of the virtues," who said that there is a point where sacrifice ends and foolishness begins and who bade Nancy, "mind her own business," that is, live her own life. But old Faith saw Nancy's life as a public career, for Nancy had talent: and there the theme begins to sound. Margaret Hale, the intervening genatrix, was the victim of matrimony, a pretty girl in ruffled muslin whom marriage with a brutish fellow had reduced to the state of a miserable worm. In spite of her mother, in spite of poverty, hardship and disappointment, Nancy, backed by her grandmother, got through school and college and was headed for the music schools of Germany. Then the grandmother died, and love caught Nancy, too. Her scientist husband did well, and there was a baby. But when the husband died, very young, Nancy thought she might better have had her career. So she sought it through her child's promise.

As a period novel, the book is fairly successful. There is an authentic feel to the scenes of Nancy's up-state, little-red-school-house days, and of her sor-

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag: Harper. An admirable sequel to "Giants in the Earth," which readers of high-minded and thoughtful fiction will enjoy. Peder, the baby of that book, has grown up here to face the problem and process of Americanization.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

The Well of Loneliness, by Radclyffe Hall: Covici, Friede. This is an unhappy story of undersexed women who seek solace in abnormal relations. It is not particularly well written and, inevitably, sentimental. Tender-minded readers need not fear it, sensation seekers will find it disappointing and the wise will ignore it. Discussion and suppression are unfortunate in that they lend to those unhappy souls the importance which they so earnestly crave.

The Wanderer, by Alain Fournier: Houghton, Mifflin. This is a moving story of a dreamer's search for perfection written in simple and beautiful prose.

Non-Fiction

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. A vivid account of the voodooism, black magic and odd mixed society of Haiti. Reviewed January 9.

Rasputin, by R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. This extraordinary story reads like fiction and gives a fine picture of the czarist society in the last stage of its collapse. Bibliography and illustrations are good. Reviewed November 14.

Anthology of World Poetry, edited by Mark Van Doren: A. & C. Boni. This splendid collection of the world's poetry is worthy of a permanent place in any library.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic contains some of our finest contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

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ority life at college. And her character, throughout those scenes, is round and solid (as against the other characters which, excellent as they are, are "flat" characters—types used for a purpose). But when Nancy marries and comes to New York, the scene fades; New York is not there; and the character breaks up into nothing. The characterizations continue to be conscientious to the point of amateurishness, but they have no body. This is due to the author's failure to handle her theme skilfully. What did Nancy's vaunted talent amount to? The reader is not convinced. And in the case of young Faith the theme is weakened intolerably by the fact that the love which she put aside for her career came without benefit of clergy. Inevitably, the reader feels that Faith is just taking up writing until the man with the wedding ring comes along. But if that was the author's intention, why did she play up her theme character, old Faith, so strongly? And one carries away from a promising book only this: what does all this talk about living one's own life amount to? What is a woman's "own life"? Nancy had a baby. Faith wrote a book. We grant the advantages of books over babies. Books do not teethe, act like Sam Hill, adolesce and then marry some pudding-faced oaf. And a great book will outlive any baby. What of it? "Careers for women" makes a fine tempest in a teapot. At times it must bore our serene Mother Nature. But, if it does, she merely pushes the teapot to the back of the stove where it will make less noise and returns to her dough, handling the baby-shaped biscuit cutter with her accustomed accuracy and dispatch.

The Ecstasies of Thomas De Quincy. Chosen by THOMAS BURKE: Doubleday, Doran. Published January 29.

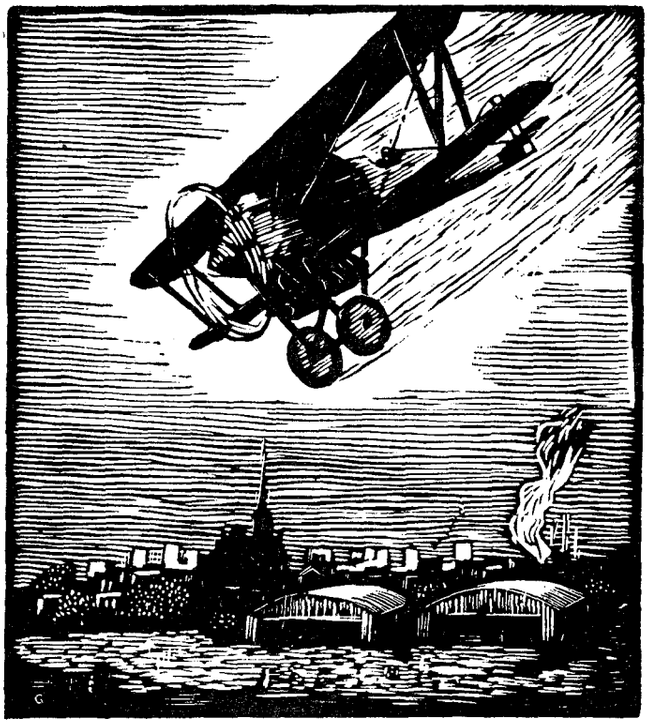
THIS ADMIRABLE SELECTION from De Quincy's work places in the reader's hands the "most impassioned" prose of that strange genius. "The English Mail Coach" is here; parts of "The Opium Eater;" the idyll of Anne, the gentle street-walker; the grisly Ratcliffe murders. The selections are supplemented by an excellent critical appreciation by Mr. Burke, in itself a fine piece of writing. It is easy enough to speak of De Quincy's prose as "purple." Better a "royal purple," as Burke calls it, than a pale mauve such as some of our esthetes favor.

The Silver Virgin. By IDA A. R. WYLIE and *Darkened Rooms.* By PHILIP GIBBS: Doubleday, Doran. Published January 25.

"THE SILVER VIRGIN" is a good example of the best type of the morbid, realistic school of writing. Its principal characters are a blind man, a hypocritical priest, a diseased prostitute, a hunchback, an illegitimate child and a man who has been rendered impotent by an injury in the World War. But in spite of this melancholy assortment, there is beauty in the novel—the beauty of reality rather than that of poetry—and an excellent tragic plot. It is a story of human discord, misunderstanding and misery, with an undercurrent of psychology and a fine understanding of the human foibles which make for suffering. The only banal note in the book is the author's tendency to blame everything on the War. We have gone too far since 1918 to believe still in that sort of thing.

"Darkened Rooms" is an interesting story with a psychic background, well told. A young photographer dabbles in mysticism and finds himself psychic. From then on, he devotes himself to psychic practices and is a curious mixture of fraud and sincerity. A distinguished K.C. dies, and the ex-photographer claims to be possessed by his soul and tries to make the late K.C.'s fiancée marry him. The story has a peculiar twist and is entertaining aside from the fact that it will send a shiver down any normal spine. Outside of Mr. Gibbs's usual assumption that he has to write down to his duller readers, the book is well written. Anyway, it's creepy enough to satisfy any one.

MILTON BYRON.



LANDING
Wood engraving by Charles R. Gardner

Home. By KATHLEEN NORRIS: Dutton. Published January 25.

THIS IS a gentle, sentimental little essay designed to renew in Mrs. Norris's many readers enthusiasm for home-making. We hope it does. What America needs is no longer a good five-cent cigar but a good four-square conception of family responsibility. We trust that the beauty-parlor patrons, bridge maniacs, radio listeners, golf widows and their husbands and offspring who are said to make up Mrs. Norris's public will read and ponder her honest homily. Not fiction.

Back Toward Heaven

The Nature of the Physical World. By A. S. EDDINGTON: Macmillan. Published in January.

SCIENCE is changing. When any one attempts to bolster up some favorite economic, philosophical or religious belief by an appeal to the magic name of science, he needs to make sure which science it is he thus invokes. There is the science of the past century, which has become a part of the popular mind, and there is the science of the past two decades, which is known to only a few. The two are by no means identical. In fact, great and revolutionary changes have taken place in the way the physical scientist looks at the world. No more adequate presentation and explanation of these changes has appeared than that contained in Professor A. S. Eddington's new book, "The Nature of the Physical World." Mr. Eddington is

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professor of astronomy at Cambridge and is one of the greatest astro-physicists in the world today. His book is authoritative. Every one who would bring his scientific ideas up to date should read it. The author sets forth in intelligible language the space-time ideas of Einstein and Minkowski, the Fitz Gerald contraction, the atomic theories of Rutherford, the Quantum theories of Niels Bohr and the still more recent quantum theories of Heisenberg and Born. Significant as these developments are in the field of science, they have almost as great a significance in the field of religious thought. Three of them especially must be mentioned.

There is the new idea of matter. It is now conceived of as mostly emptiness. In fact, as Professor Eddington points out, if all the emptiness were squeezed out of a human body, what remained would be but a speck under a microscope. What seems so real and solid turns out now to be more like a mathematical equation than anything else. Our scientific information about it is summed up in measures and in measures only. The external world of physics is a world of shadows. The element of permanence in it is essentially a contribution of mind. All that science can see today is, first, an image in our minds; second, a something, we know not what, in the outside world; and third, a set of pointer readings. Matter has no meaning apart from consciousness. Surely this assertion of physical science that mind is no mere dependent upon matter must bring aid and comfort to religion, for it puts all materialistic theories in a bad way. In so far as anti-religious ideas depend upon materialism their case is considerably weakened by the outlook of the modern physicist.

Then there has come the breakdown of determinism. Up until very recently science has held rigidly to this dogma. It confidently affirmed that a superhuman mind, knowing all the causes at work, could foretell the outcome. It found no place in the universe for genuine freedom. This theory has been knocked into the proverbial cocked hat. The newer triumphs have been won on the basis of statistical laws which do not rest on the basis of casuality, which do not pretend to predict the behavior of any particular unit, but only of unit aggregates. Even the great casual laws are turning out to be statistical in their character. Indeed, physical science sees no reason for denying the power of the mind to tamper with the odds on atomic behavior. Mechanistic determinism in the old sense is dead. The bearing of this upon the religious outlook is obvious.

Finally, it must be mentioned that both from the Einstein theory and from the telescope, astronomers now consider the universe to be finite rather than infinite. This would seem to make it more necessary to assume an infinite creator. An infinite universe might be self-existent; it is hard to see how a finite one could. Moreover, Professor Eddington points out that our solar system is a freak, that not one sun in a hundred million has developed a solar system like ours. After an exhaustive survey of the possibilities he says, "I feel inclined to claim that at the present time our race is supreme and not one of the profusions of stars in their myriad clusters looks down on scenes comparable to those which are passing beneath the rays of the sun." This seems to restore man to his old position. He again stands at the center, not in space, but in significance. And this is what the religious man has always believed.

In a word, the science of 1929 sweeps aside materialism and determinism and it reasserts the uniqueness of man. It does this and much more, as Professor Eddington points out. The book is stiff reading, but it is flavored and lightened with humor. It is as clear as the subject will permit. Those who assume that science has said "Nay" to religion should read it and bring their science up to date.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

To Be Published Next Week

This Side of Jordan. By ROARK BRADFORD: Harper. Feb. 1.

Silver Circus. By A. E. COPPARD: Knopf. Feb. 1.

Scotland's Royal Line. By GRANT R. FRANCIS: Dutton. Feb. 1.

Village Doctor. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH: Dutton. Feb. 1.

Mamba's Daughter. By DU BOSE HEYWARD: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 1.

Expiation. By ELIZABETH: Doubleday, Doran. Feb. 1.

Red Harvest. By DASHIELL HAMMETT: Knopf. Feb. 1.

Seven Modern Comedies. By LORD DUNSANY: Putnam. Feb. 1.

Worlds Within Worlds. By STELLA BENSON: Harper. Feb. 1

The Greatest of the Puritans

Cotton Mather: Keeper of the Puritan Conscience. By RALPH and LOUISE BOAS: Harper.

COTTON MATHER has always been held in tradition as a repellantly bigoted person, a kind of monster upon whom all the alleged sins of the Puritan spirit have been visited by posterity. Barrett Wendell did what he could, although not with much success, to dispel this legend, but Ralph and Louise Boas have presented us with the first adequate and convincing full-length portrait of the great divine: and reading the book we are more and more astonished that he should have been, as they say, "singled out for detraction." For Cotton Mather was much closer to a saint than a monster.

It is true that he was a leader in the persecution of witches, although even this activity has been exaggerated by popular tradition. On the other hand, it was he who led the fight for inoculation against small-pox in the face of the one doctor in Boston who held a medical degree, not to mention all the other doctors who, when baffled by a disease, had a way of ascribing it to witchcraft. Indeed, Mather was uncommonly enlightened. People reviled him, he wrote, as if he "had been the Doer of all the hard Things that were done in the Prosecution of the Witchcraft." But he was rather the scapegoat than the arch-offender. And otherwise he was the gentlest of men, as devoted to the liberal cause in politics as he was to the conservative in religion.

He was an afflicted child, a stutterer who, like Demosthenes, made himself a mighty orator only through heroic efforts. He was an infant prodigy at Harvard with, at twelve, a reading and speaking knowledge of Latin, a reading knowledge of Greek, and some knowledge of Hebrew, notably innocent and credulous, fair game for boys who were less sensitive than he: and it was at this time that he developed what amounted to his life-long persecution mania, for throughout his life, as our authors say, "whether his neighbors' mirth was kindly or malicious, he saw in it only persecution." He devoted himself with fanatical hero-worship, to the service

(Please Turn to Page 200)

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

IT IS NOW a couple of months since I discussed—more briefly than it deserved—Julien Benda's "The Treason of the Intellectuals" (Morrow). In the meantime I have been watching with some curiosity for the comments of the reviewers on this work, which has stirred up so much discussion in France. Such reviews as I have seen prompt me to return to the subject, if for no other reason than because the author's use of certain prominent European writers to illustrate his thesis seems to have weakened his argument in the eyes of American readers.

That thesis, it will be remembered, is that the function of the intellectual in the past has been to serve and uphold disinterested, or ideal values. Those values are essentially opposed to the realistic values, the practical aims of the men of action, the average citizen. In our time this situation has been reversed. M. Benda sees "a mass in whom realist passion in its two chief forms—class passion, national passion—has attained a degree of consciousness and organization hitherto unknown; a body of men who used to be in opposition to the realism of the masses, but who now, not only do not oppose it, but adopt it, proclaim its grandeur and morality; in short a humanity which has abandoned itself to realism with a unanimity, an absence of reserve, a sanctification of its passion unexampled in history."

Upon a proper balance of these two elements in society, the realists and the idealists, civilization depends. When the former completely dominate the latter, the result must be barbarism. M. Benda, being a Frenchman, very naturally cites his examples from such contemporary leaders in France as Péguy, Barrès, Maurras; in Italy he mentions D'Annunzio; in America William James. For the same reason, I suspect, he equally naturally charges the unspeakable Hun with being the cause of it all. The Germans are responsible, he thinks, for confusing nationalism and humanism, for infecting philosophy with nationalist prejudice.

M. Benda's examples, as I say, have apparently diminished the force of his argument with American readers. They are surprised to find James in the same galley as patrioteers of the Barrès or Treitschke type. One reviewer accuses him of hasty generalization and contends that another list could easily be made of intellectual leaders who have stood above the battle and refused to surrender to the realist passion of the mob, citing the case of Bertrand Russell. Here, I think, there is a misunderstanding, due to the fact that the jacket of the book overemphasizes one aspect of M. Benda's case, by saying that he accuses the modern intellectual leader of being a "promoter of war."

While, in the long run, that is the inevitable result of the abdication of the intellectuals, M. Benda does not necessarily acquit them of his charges merely because they may have adopted a detached attitude during the last war. The "treason of the intellectuals" far transcends the immediate occasion of a particular international conflict. To M. Benda pragmatism is the enemy, pragmatism "whose teaching during the past fifty years by nearly all the influential moralists of Europe is one of the most remarkable turning points in the moral history of the human species. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of a movement whereby those who for twenty centuries taught Man that the criterion of the morality of an act is its disinterestedness, that good is a decree of his reason insofar as it is universal, that his will is only moral if it seeks its law outside its objects, should begin to teach him that the moral act is the act whereby he secures his existence against an environment which disputes it . . . that the morality of an act is measured by its adaptation to its end, and that the only morality is the morality of circumstances."

HERE cleared of the allusions to the attitude of the French and German intellectuals before and during the World War, is M. Benda's case, stated in universal terms. Would it be so easy, I wonder, to draw up a list of contemporary thinkers who are not tarred with the brush of pragmatism? M. Benda declares that "the educators of the human mind now take sides with Callicles against Socrates," although "Zola, Romain Rolland and Einstein have drunk the hemlock." How many others have? Has Bernard Shaw? At first glance one might be tempted to quote him as an outstanding instance of a public man who has consistently refused to surrender to the passion of the mob, or to the realism of the state. Yet, we find him defending Mussolini on grounds which would not be unworthy of any pragmatic bureaucrat. One is reminded then of the fact that, years ago, Mr. Shaw boasted that his theories were one thing and his practice another.

IN THIS COUNTRY H. L. Mencken might qualify as an intellecual who has stood aloof from nationalist passion. He is surely no American Barrès glorifying the national hero. Yet, he is the true son of the country where pragmatism was born, and he has loudly proclaimed his intention of never drinking the hemlock under any circumstances. His later work is more and more concerned with current political and social problems and, while he asserts that he is a disinterested commentator without any "Messianic delusions," he is constantly absorbed in matters which are of the very essence of the market-place. Nothing would bore him more than the ivory tower of M. Benda's dreams. At the same time, Mr. Mencken would not disavow the following passage, which expresses in other terms what he himself has frequently insinuated:

"To come back to the realism of my contemporaries and their contempt for a disinterested existence . . . I wonder whether humanity, by adopting this system today, has not discovered its true law of existence and adopted the true scale of values demanded by its essence? The religion of the spiritual . . . seems to me a lucky accident in man's history . . . . The obvious law of human substance is the conquest of things and the exaltation of the impulses which secure this conquest . . . . Orpheus could not aspire to charm the wild beasts with his music until the end of time. However, one could have hoped that Orpheus himself would not become a wild beast."

If our Orpheuses have changed their tune, may it not be because they, too, realize that humanity does not believe and never did believe that "the supreme values are the good things of the spirit?" In that case, the intellectuals have betrayed a cause in which the world is no longer interested. We have got the intellectual we deserve.

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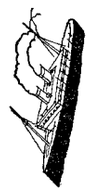

ST. LAWRENCE-

Canadian Pacific

seaway to

EUROPE

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Sydney Horler's Chipstead of the Lone Hand Holt

A good deal of this story is composed by the rubber-stamp method, but you may be able to struggle through to the kiss on the final page which seals the detective's fate, if you skip. Long practice enables us to skip like a young lamb through detective stories, but we gathered enough of the substance of this yarn between skips to be able to tell you that a fiendish arch-criminal in a long cloak and a soft hat, having kidnapped the head of the British Secret Service, is finally run to earth by the hero. We note a great economy of criminals in the book, which made it much easier to write, since the arch-criminal, known as The Disguiser, does most of the dirty work himself, changing hat and glasses and whiskers for the different jobs. The big moment for us was just after the hero hadn't kissed his girl friend. "If the servant had not come to that summerhouse she was sure he would have done so. And —a deep flush dyed her cheeks—she would have been glad! GLAD!" Isn't that pretty?

Hulbert Footner's A Self-Made Thief Doubleday, Doran

There was a young fellow named Frank, who wanted to stick up a bank. Which he did, but he failed, and just missed being jailed, but of course it was only a prank. Unfortunately, after this first failure he kept on, succeeded, found it an easy way to make money, fell in love with a safe-cracker's beautiful daughter, won her, lost her, got to taking drugs, did a couple of little murders—in fact, went from bad to wuss, until at the end he is completely ruined. Of which the moral is, don't go in for crime, even as a joke.

Kay Burdekin's The Burning Ring Morrow

Mr. Carling was a sculptor,—a sculptor with much technical skill but without a spark of the real artist in him. For at the age of fourteen he had definitely turned his back on emotion. Then at forty, something happened. He got a wishing ring. And he wished himself back into the remote past. Three times he dips back into the past, each dip accelerating his emotional growth—through hero-worship, through friendship, and finally through love—until at the end, although still forty, he is ready to begin his career as an artist.

The book is in fact a dramatization of emotional growth. It is also a well written and entertaining story. And for us it expresses certain things much more clearly by refusing to be bound by time and space and actuality. There often is more truth and reality in one small fairy tale than in the entire works of the humdrum school.

Muriel Draper's Music at Midnight Harper

Entertaining and interesting reminiscences of musical, literary and artistic people who in the years before the War were entertained by Mrs. Draper and her husband in London. The intimate sketches of Henry James, Ysaye, Stravinsky, Rubinstein, Norman Douglas, Gertrude Stein, Sargent, Chaliapin and many others make the book well worth reading. Mrs. Draper writes with understanding, wit and a sureness of touch that gives an amazingly clear picture.

William Le Queux's The Lawless Hand Macaulay

A death-dealing machine, a little black box as simple to operate as one of Mr. George Eastman's products, was the cause of all this excitement. A gang of crooks which included high-born ladies and bishops and peers of the realm, was negotiating with several governments for the sale of this gadget. Hugh Valentroyd, overcurious about a pretty face, gets involved with them, and without much difficulty rises high in their councils. He dashes around, interviews Prime Ministers, blows up oil wells, breaks the hearts of all the women in the cast . . . . Oh, well, we rate this one B minus.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's The Treasure House of Martin Hews Little Brown

Concerns itself with the goings-on at Breezeley Mansion, home of the legless Martin Hews, who employed two gangs of criminals to procure art treasures for his collection. One gang destroyed the other gang and then started after Mr. Hews, and if Major Owston, a penniless ex-war hero, hadn't been on the job goodness knows what might have happened. There's a little more fighting and a little less reality in this than in the usual Oppenheim thriller. Perhaps the formula is at last going stale on the most prolific mystifier of them all. We hope not. Mr. Oppenheim is too much an institution.

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Chicago: A Modernistic Portrait

(*Continued from Page 167*)

one of the largest and most beautiful I had ever seen. The heads and antlers of elks shot in Michigan forests decorated the walls which were of hand-finished burled walnut. Built a few years ago, the place had been furnished as if for permanent usage, as if prohibition were a dream.

We were speaking in low tones. Our host, "Shorty" Joe Cusick, had pointed out two strangers who were being served soft drinks against their will. It was thought that they might be Federal agents.

At this point the famous barrister and near-Senator went out, and my newspaper friends rose to salute him pleasantly.

It was very late now. Two men entered and stood swaying at the bar behind me. Commenting rather freely on what we had seen and heard, I outlined my scheme for ending the confusion of authorities and of terms. On the whole I expected little from the professed "puritans." It was painful to watch ministers dealing with gunmen. Even under the spectacular new State's Attorney, Swanson, the Loop district was rumored to be enlarging its bar-rooms! For Swanson's victory had come with the success of Senator Deneen's State machine, one of whose hardest workers was the ambitious "restaurant-keeper," Diamond Joe Esposito, slaughtered by gunmen two weeks before the last election.

At this moment I noticed that the eyes of my two companions had shifted suddenly to a point behind me and above my head. I stood up. A huge man, roughly dressed, glaring at me with two yellow wolf's eyes had been standing behind me. He had a heavy, broken nose, the rugged jaw of the bruiser and "bad man." But above all, it was his eyes that alarmed me. Their expression was the nearest thing to a "killer's look" I had ever imagined. I confess that I turned rather cold and fell into an uneasy silence.

"Who's yer friend? A 'G.P.'?" (Government Police) said the big man, who I now saw to be dangerously intoxicated. He had his hand in his right coat pocket, a significant gesture whose possible menace was obvious.

The stockyards boy was dependable and quick.

"Hello, Sharkey," he cried jovially. "Let's have a round of drinks on us. This boy's all right. He's from out of town. Newspaperman like us."

We moved toward the bar and had

(*Please Turn to Page 195*)

Fly to the Heart of Vacationland

OAKLAND

Crossroads of the AIR

THE OAKLAND MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

WHEN YOU choose Oakland, Berkeley or Alameda, Alameda County, as vacation headquarters, you have selected the very heart of Scenic California. From this vantage point, all the major attractions of a land of constantly-unfolding new wonders, may be reached by delightful journeys of but a few hours to a day's time—meccas of scenic beauty and varied recreation such as beautiful Lake Tahoe, the famed valley of the Yosemite, Sequoia National Park, Clear and Mono lakes; the grandeur of Mt. Lassen, only active volcano in the continental United States; the resorts of the Russian and Feather Rivers; the vaulted dignity of the Redwood Highway; countless medicinal springs—are but few of the better known.

Helen Wills Trained on Berkeley Courts.

And sunny Alameda County, on the continental side of San Francisco Bay is not only gaining fame as the center of Scenic California, but has developed into the dominant industrial center and distributing point of the Pacific Coast. Particularly has the concentration of automotive manufacture here, gained for Oakland the name of "the Detroit of the West".

Here, with Oakland and her sister cities of Berkeley and Alameda, as its nucleus, is a vigorous metropolitan area of more than 500,000 people, who will welcome you to join their progressive commercial and industrial advance, and their wholesome enjoyment of the better things of life.

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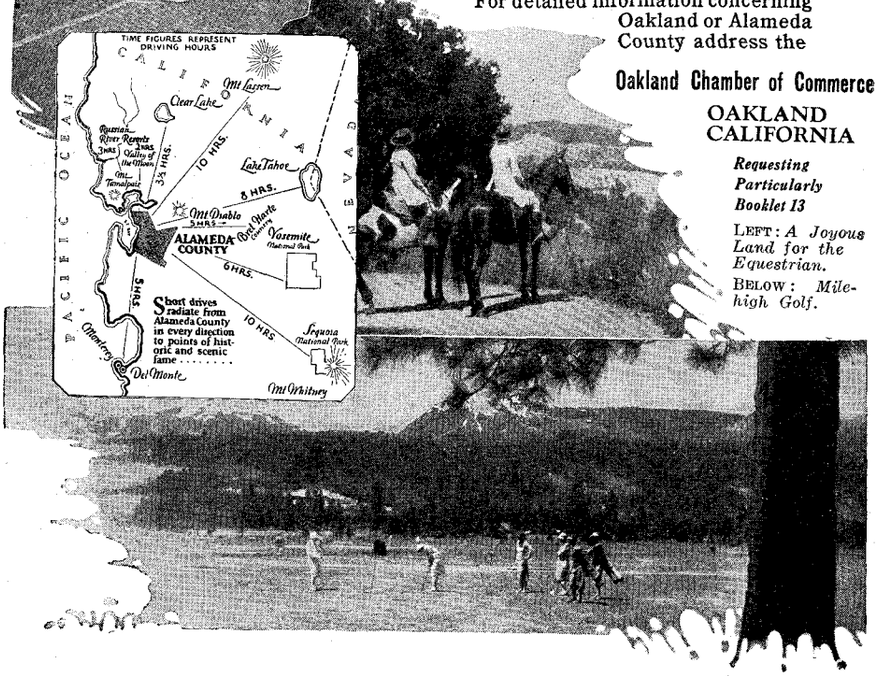

LEFT: *A Joyous Land for the Equestrian.*
BELOW: *Mile-high Golf.*

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

THE UNFORTUNATE MR. WHALEN, Police Commissioner of New York, seems to have fallen definitely into the clutches of the editorial writers. His appointment, as it now transpires, was manna indeed to those molders of opinion who, having said their say about the mild winter, pondered the imminent withdrawal of Calvin Coolidge and announced to a nicety the arrival of the new year, were finding their resources about spent.

On these topic-ridden and exhausted scribes the advent of Mr. Whalen burst like a harvest moon. An era of plenty was at hand! And Mr. Whalen, with a heady disregard for the cost of newsprint, proceeded to fulfill their fondest hopes. Single-handed, he began his drive against the sellers of poison liquor. These first, he said: the others could come later. And away he went, leaving in his wake a tangle of brass rails and smashed demijohns.

Wonderful, wonderful! typed the editorial writers. What an air-tight subject! Here we can praise Whalen and flay the poison booze and everybody will be happy, wets and drys alike. Mr. Whalen was good for three or four editorial rallies right off the bat.

Having written to the limit, however, on Mr. Whalen's campaign, the scribes paused. Even a fine subject like that must have an end somewhere. It was all very well when it started but here was Whalen going right on smashing, arresting—didn't the fellow have sense enough to realize that they'd written about all that? Was he to keep on forever? Was he entirely through, used-up, worn-out as a live topic?

It was the New York "World" which first felt the pinch. Evidently, the lean months to come before the editorial writers might leap upon that first hapless robin or the Fourth of July loomed too formidably. True, there would be the Hoover accession—possibly another aviation record broken—but still—it were reckless to throw away Mr. Whalen at a time like this. Whereupon Mr. Whalen was converted, re-distilled, and set forth as an entirely new topic, namely, a Menace! O happy thought!

Mr. Whalen's raids, so lately praised by the "World," became heavily suspect. They were "lawless;" they were "hysterical" and "haphazard." Even a self-evident booze dealer was at least entitled to have his bottles smashed by due process of law, affirmed the defenders of the down-trodden. "Mr. Whalen," it continued hopefully, "is on the very edge of making himself ridiculous." The ordinarily astute Mr. Kirby appeared with a harrowing cartoon of a silk-hatted vandal labeled "Whalen" swinging a ferocious axe on the bar and bottles, while a dazed, pitiful, little plump waiter stood by in childish terror. Horrors!

At the same time, certain happily dozing United States District Attorneys were awakened by the "World's" sharp cries. A chance to Protest! And every Protest a Headline! These gentlemen, accordingly,—under whose beaks whole streets and neighborhoods had been literally awash with booze—complained that Mr. Whalen, by smashing bottles on a mere nuisance charge—was destroying their evidence for Federal prosecutions. The Police Commissioner, to be sure, was making about fifty raids to their one—but then—what if they *should* decide to make a raid or two? Then where would they be? Even the "Herald-Tribune," (always a buckler for the oppressed) decided that the martyrdom of the speakeasies should cease.

In all these weighings and hair-splittings of "exceeded authority" and the legal privileges of bootleggers, one finds little conviction of sincerity. A man buying alcohol at eight or ten dollars the gallon and selling it at fifty cents per drink ought to have enough cash at hand to bring suit for redress if, as is scarcely credible, he has been unjustly accused or damaged.

The whole thing, accordingly, seems to simmer down to the fact that an appalling shortage of subjects has found the New York editorial writers quite unprepared. Well, let them take heart: Lincoln's Birthday is just around the corner, then Washington's, then an early Easter—shucks, the Fourth of July will be here before they know it . . .

* * * * *

WHILE MANY authorities are disputing the value of a college education and speculating as to just how much or little a boy really learns in college, A. Stein & Co., makers of Paris Garters, take a hand in the controversy. A father and mother—each traditionally grey-haired—appear in the photograph. The mother is trying to read a book, but the old man is bound that she shall listen to the letter from Junior.

"Mother, I'm proud of our boy," he begins in heavy black type. "Listen to this, Mother. Joe thanks us for the Paris garters we sent him. He says that now most of the boys at college have given up the 'sloppy socks' idea. But what pleases me so much is this. Here's what he says: 'Most of the boys are wearing garters again. One by one they're admitting that I was right—that the little things in life are the big things after all; that attention to details in dress marks the gentleman just as attention to details makes for success in business.' You know, I'm proud of our boy, Mother . . . ."

IT MAKES US WONDER what else Junior had to say. Sounds like Harvard, all right. I suspect that the rest of the letter must have been somewhat along these lines:

"Deeply sensible of the fact that cultural background likewise makes for success after graduation, I am passing not inconsiderable time at the Boston Art Museum. This, along with the movement I am leading to persuade all loyal men of 1932 to have their hair cut regularly every week, has in no wise diminished the diligence with which I am prosecuting my studies. *'Haec meminisse juvabit,'* you know.

"By the way—O parents o' mine—I attended a stirring lecture last night by a Mr. Sol Kibitzer, of the Nu-Felt Hat Co. He asked me to officiate as Chairman *pro tem* of a 'Let's All Wear Hats League.' If, accordingly, you will include in the weekly garter shipment two or three attractive hats, I feel sure that I shall be able to justify Mr. Kibitzer's confidence and lead the way to a deeper, truer undergraduate awareness of what I sometimes call the 'Big Little Things of Life.'

"From present indications, there is almost a certainty that I shall be Class Marshal by that time—at once happy and sad—when my college days shall be o'er.

"Meanwhile, I beg to subscribe myself,

"Humbly yours, in the filial bond,
"Junior ('32)."

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Chicago: A Modernistic Portrait

(Continued from Page 193)

many wearisome rounds before the stockyards boy and the star reporter had pacified Sharkey. I was not really aware of my danger, although some instinct bade me keep my eyes away from the man and hold my tongue.

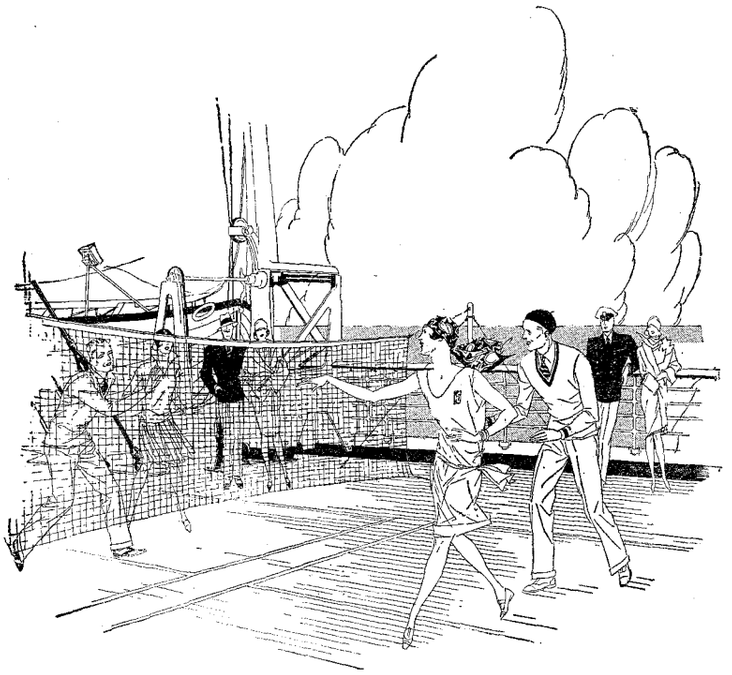
At one juncture Sharkey's gun came out suddenly, a large army pistol with a heavy wooden butt. He played with it, pointed it at me. I saw the star reporter step between me and the gun. The stockyards boy took the revolver and fondled it with rather forced gaiety, I thought, although I was doing my best to preserve a proper nonchalance throughout the proceedings.

"I don't mind letting you hold that gun," said Sharkey drunkenly, "because I got one here, under my armpit. I could have it out and dive on ye before you could touch that trigger, boy!"

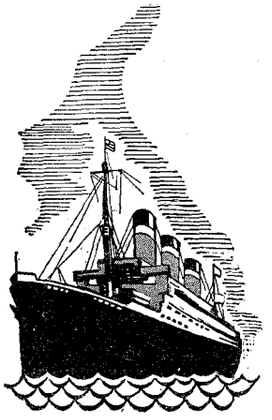
The barman frowned and sulkily urged putting away the gun.

The lights went out. I saw the bartender take three greasy dollar bills from the cash register and slip them into Sharkey's fist. Sharkey, I learned later driving home was a plain-clothes detective and graft collector. He had taken a dislike to me. His job was to protect and live off "Little Bohemia," which, alas, was soon to be closed by due process of law. He had learned that strangers had visited the place this evening and, taking me for one of them, he had stood behind me, longing to "clout" me with his pistol butt. Being an officer of the law, he had immunity and could say that I had assaulted him in this low dive. He was far more dangerous than any gunman we might have met that evening. My friends assured me that we had been in a bad spot, and I sensed that they were as glad to get out as I.

Afterwards, relaxed from a certain tension I had felt, I reflected bitterly on the seriousness of the reform wave. Politicians and police officials had menaced my life, while the racketeers I had seen had offered me no harm, and seemed peace-loving and reasonable by contrast. I dreamed that night of a prosperous, wholly beautified and tranquil city civilization. The great "Chicago Plan" had been carried through to completion. In the "bad lands" the new modernesque Rosenwald housing developments arose, surrounded by regular gardens. The railroads were electrified, the stockyards were covered; the sky was a deep blue and devoid of smoke or clouds. The name of the mayor was Al Capone; "Polack" Joe Saltis was his Police Commissioner.



Why it pays to go to Europe in Spring



IF you *must* vacation in midsummer, see your steamship agent *today* and have him enter your name for a specific sailing.

But sail in the Spring, if you can—it's well worth it. No "peak-season" rush. More of the ship to yourself. Wider choice of accommodations. The nicest sort of fellow travelers. Trains in Europe not nearly so crowded; hotels and resorts more truly European. And don't forget that your trip in the Spring is less expensive, too—lower rates everywhere.

Another suggestion: *when* to go is important; *where* to go is worth knowing, too; but *how* to go ranks highest of all. Select your ship carefully—ask those who know—the travel-wise. Let them tell you about the famous meals served on board American ships; the unexpected luxuries; the attractive, home-like stateroom that you'll learn to love; the prompt service of stewards who speak your own language. In short, *the American way.* If you're in a hurry, take the *Leviathan,* the world's largest ship—less than six days and you're there. For a more leisurely trip, the cabin ships, *George Washington, America, Republic, President Harding,* or *President Roosevelt.*

AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

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With Our Readers

"Coolidge, Kellogg & Co."

Reading, Pennsylvania

Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

In publishing "Foreign Policy on the Half-Shell," by John Carter, in your issue of November 28, it was your thought, I presume, to present a point of view not necessarily your own. As a matter of fact, the article does have a value, if only for its identification of the type of mind sought by our Department of State.

Mr. Carter, it appears, is well equipped to assist Secretary Kellogg in his endeavors to gratify the dictators of Republican policy. Does not Mr. Carter profess Constitutional grounds for the idea that when Republicans control the Department of State, it can do no wrong? Is not criticism of these shining lights of patriotism abhorrent to him?

If some of us find our emotions "made up," as he asserts, it is because America lately rejoiced in the leadership of a very practical and a very far-sighted man, unentangled in the gears of any well-oiled partisan machine, who cared to make the world safe for the people of America more than to make it safe for their Republican Board of Trustees. We see no claim of "Coolidge, Kellogg, & Co." to a tithe of the intelligence, ability, or disinterested service to America demonstrated by Woodrow Wilson. Small wonder that Mr. Carter is annoyed by "the flesh-pots of Wilsonian eloquence."

We believe in the cause of the League of Nations because we have not allowed ourselves to forget the lesson of the War, which was simply the dire truth that there can be no major war, such as started in 1914 through causes wholly remote from us, without engulfing this country eventually. Wilson's advocacy of our participation in the League of Nations was primarily and unequivocally to advance the interests of the United States, that there in the world forum we might take what steps our interests demanded, and what steps our power and prestige made possible, to avoid strife and so prevent another general conflagration. No word of his ever suggested that we abandon our "tradition of dissociation from the combinations of European diplomacy," unless indeed to co-operate with other nations against war can itself be considered as a diplomatic combination.

Mr. Carter confesses to be expecting "a really good war over in Europe," and that prospect is receiving daily encouragement from the "high-hat" Coolidge-Kellogg policy of refusing practical co-operation for peace. The United States navy is not sufficient by half to support this trend towards certain conflict, in spite of Mr. Kellogg's Pact of Paris, which the President dryly explains away.

Mr. Carter's little jest about the rich plump ladies whose dinners of criticism so bother the Department of State is poor recognition of the overwhelming desire of the citizens of America for peace. He will find criticism better explained by the impatience of many of us with an Administration which inherited a foreign policy no more constructive than a partisan aversion to a misrepresented "Wilsonism."

Please advise Mr. Carter that I am neither rich, plump, nor a lady.

HENRY MCK. ROTHERMEL.

Question of the Point of View

Glens Falls, New York

Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

This morning took twenty minutes in reading the O'Higgins article on the "Great Prohibition Mystery." When I finished the article was forcibly reminded of what "Josh" Billings once said, "It is better not to know so much, than to know so many things that are not so."

Now seriously—Since October 2, 1926 I have traveled over 48,000 miles up and down this old U. S. A. I travel the lanes where normal men travel. In this period I have seen less than a dozen drunken men, and all of them could navigate. Did not see one drunken woman.

There is a lot of drinking—a person is worse than a dumb-bell who says there is not; but there is not nearly as much as the O'Higgins article would lead one to believe. And any half-wit knows that there is no comparison today in the amount of drinking there would be were the saloons again in operation.

After all is said and done on this "prohibition" question, Headmaster Taft of the Taft School hit the spike dead on the head when he wrote: "There are three attitudes a person can take toward prohibition and its enforcement:

"1. I believe in prohibition, and I will fight and vote to retain prohibition, and its enforcement.

"2. I do not believe in prohibition, and I am sure it is in every way a bad adventure for my country, but I am a sport, and therefore I will obey the law and work for its enforcement.

"3. To hell with the Volstead Act and the eighteenth amendment—I will have my liquor."

Which of these three is your number, Mr. Editor?

HARRY E. DODGE.

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Henry Arthur Jones: A Tribute

(Continued from Page 184)

not remain content with that alone. The theatre was to him a social institution; he was a citizen, responsible for the health of English taste; he must diagnose and prescribe. His two books, "The Renascence of the English Drama" and "The Foundations of a National Drama," are full of his sanity and serious essays and lectures written during the fruitful tenure of his dramatic office. We see that even after death he continued his wise offices. We are tempted to discant in large force on Mr. Jones as a critic—religion and art, realism and truth, amusement and education, the mob spirit and judgment, literature and drama — these were themes of which he never tired to talk. It was as though Matthew Arnold, who had encouraged him in his fledgling days as a playwright, had touched him with his own fervor to reach the true secret of culture, the highest benefits to be had from fine art, the permanent way of impressing the soul. To Mr. Jones, with all his humor, his satire, his human sympathy, the center of the playhouse was an altar. He was the spokesman before Shaw, and though he was conservative in his social sympathy which quickly removed him from the onrush of social drama following his and Pinero's mid-period attempts, he was the dominant force in the salvation of the British theatre of the nineties.

The eighteen-nineties gives up one of its soundest representatives. By his passing we are even more in this year of grace, 1929. But it still behooves us to heed what Henry Arthur Jones has had to say about the theatre which we still strive to bring to pass.

The Theatre

(Continued from Page 171)

security and beauty of existence; and rather than see herself go the same way, she preferred to die.

Considered as a morbid character, who first idealized herself and then couldn't stand the reality, Gypsy is credible. But the story of her life, as presented in the play, does not carry conviction. Both plays give an excellent idea of the intellectual confusion now prevailing in American society regarding practically all aspects of sex—both inside and outside marriage. Far be it from us to suggest that there is any panacea. But certainly neither "The Marriage Bed" nor "Gypsy" will help anybody to find it. The best that can be said of them is that they are amusing plays. Intellectually, Mr. Anderson's commands more respect.

Two against two hundred

WITH back to the wall he watched them. They were waiting for him to collapse before they killed him. He had not slept, he had not eaten—he could barely breathe. He had tended these man-eating blacks in their misery and now this fiendish attack was his reward.

Suddenly from nowhere appeared this rosy cheeked, clear-eyed girl to help defend him. Alone on this far-off South Sea island they fought the two hundred!

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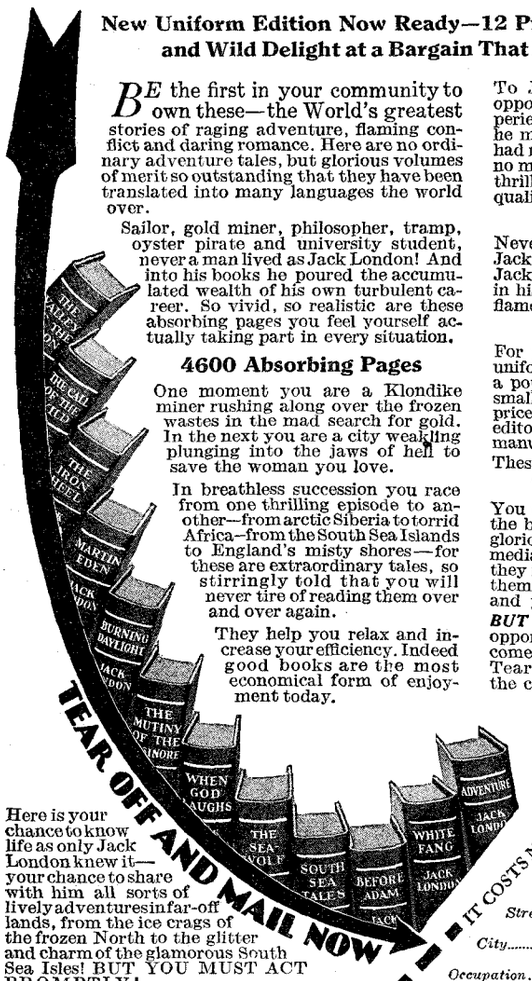

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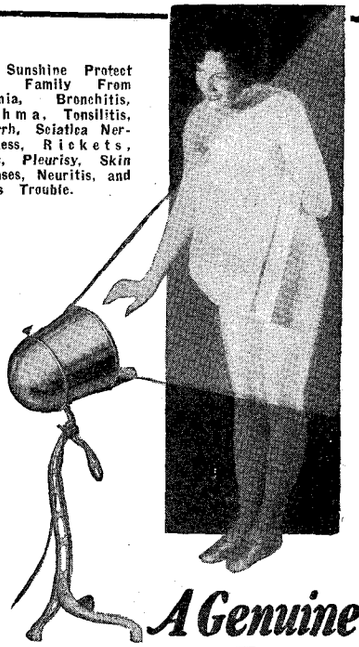

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America Takes to Water

By JOHN LANGDON LEIGHTON

THE MANY and ardent appeals of some of our leading political lights that the people of this country return to their former seafaring ways may, or may not, have produced interest in an American merchant marine. But the American people have taken kindly to the water—witness the Motor Boat Show in full swing this past week in New York City. The only element lacking in the nature of things marine and nautical was water, both fresh and salty.

Admittedly the citizens of the Eastern seaboard are backward in their comprehension and appreciation of water ways and self-propelled boats as a means of "how to get there," or of how to enjoy the water in a spirit of sport and recreation. No doubt those who live on the Great Lakes and on some of our inland waterways and rivers have availed themselves of the pleasures and advantages of motor boating far more than we who live on the Eastern Coast. The Atlantic and Pacific may be a "happy hunting ground" for fishermen, and and economical highway for the transportation of coal or lumber; but they are hardly for the small craft, so conspicuous at this year's show. This is not to deny that there were many boats at the show fully capable of negotiating average seas on the Atlantic Coast. Instead, it is to recognize that the enterprising Middle West, which has given us the modern automobile, has now undertaken to give us the motor boat by way of additional recreation. Perhaps the most conspicuous example in the East of the use of motor boats for this, or more utilitarian purposes, is to be seen on Long Island Sound, which throughout the summer months is spotted with the craft of millionaires as well as of those of lesser means on their way to and from New York City.

The boats at the show varied from small models, with "outboard" motors—capable of being carried more easily than a canoe—to large cruisers which are bought in New York City and delivered by the open sea route in Florda, at Gulf ports and in California. Just where a boat ceases to be a motor boat and becomes a yacht is not definite. By way of suggestion, should not a self-propelled boat which can be rowed home, be classed as a motor boat, and a vessel requiring the services of a "skipper," a deck hand, an engineer and a cook regarded as a yacht?

The motor boat manufacturing industry has apparently taken after its illustrious predecessor, the automobile industry. That promises much for the industry and for the coming pleasures of the boat owners. The industry is now established on a mass production basis (relatively speaking) and all of the enticements and appeals to buyers of the moderately sized and priced craft are definitely taken from the automobile industry. On the other hand among larger craft, made by well-known corporations, the appeal to the prospective buyer centers on comforts comparable only to those of an ocean liner.

Prominent in the latter class are the cruisers and cruisettes made by A.C.F. (American Car and Foundry Company —one of the largest manufacturers of railway equipment), the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation and the Elco Works. The heretofore famous builders of yachts and motor boats, such as Lawley and Hereschoff were conspicuous by their absence.

The fifty-foot cruiser by Elco gave the impression of being a well built, sensible and seaworthy craft, fully capable of undertaking the trip to Florida or to the Gulf from New York City, or even to Bermuda, if a sufficient amount of fuel could be carried.

THE EXHIBITS of engine and accessory manufacturers were equally interesting. The simple and sturdy line of the modern gasoline engine reflects perfection, inspires confidence and invites intimacy, particularly when adapted to the uncertainties of the sea. The Diesel engines, of which there were many, demanded further acquaintance. The engineers of Germany and Sweden were formerly said to be the only ones who knew how to build Diesels, to which statement this year's exhibition of American-made Diesels is a direct challenge. Of course the potential future of the Diesel engine challenges all formerly accepted ideas of marine propulsion.

Yes—America is rapidly taking to the water, if not to salt water. Well may we ponder upon the future of our inland waterways and lakes as a source of sport, pleasure and recreation for thousands in the next few years. In the meantime we congratulate the motor boat industry, and envy its patrons, regardless of our inability to determine at what point a boat ceases to be a motor boat and becomes a yacht.

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 190)

of his father, Increase Mather. The airing of souls was regarded then as a far more exalted vocation than the curing of bodies, and he had observed the immense power, social, moral and political, which his father wielded. At seventeen, in his first sermon, he had shown himself already a chip of the old block, with "the true Mather voice," and at eighteen he was a full-fledged pastor, handsome, winsome, immensely learned, fashionably dressed, "irresistible to young ladies." These were the traits that remained his through life. His interests were multifarious and his power gradually became predominant in the Boston of his day: and the bibliography of his works is staggering in its proportions. The "Magnalia," a frolic of 788 pages, was only the principal work in a series longer than that produced by any other American before the Twentieth Century.

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Who'll Wash the Dishes?

(Continued from Page 170)

in coming to the household. But they are already informally and most annoyingly on strike. If they have managed, in their unorganized distress, seriously to disturb the ancient establishment of the American home, what may not happen in the future as the storm gathers power?

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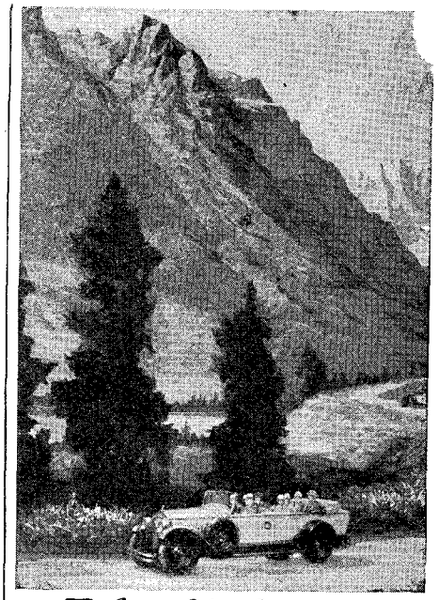

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